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JANUARY, 1906

No. 1

Little Journeys To Homes of Great Lovers

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

To lovers all things are of equal importance, and this is the highest sanity.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

A N D

SARAH WEDGWOOD

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Little Journeys for 1906

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Will be to the Homes of Great Lovers

The Subjects are as Follows:

- 1 Josiah and Sarah Wedgwood
- 2 William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft
- 3 Dante and Beatrice
- 4 John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor
- 5 Parnell and Kitty O'Shea
- 6 Petrarch and Laura
- 7 Dante Gabriel Rossetti & Elizabeth Siddall
- 8 Balzac and Madame Hanska
- 9 Fenelon and Madame Guyon
- 10 Ferdinand Lassalle & Helene von Donniges
- 11 Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet
- 12 Robert Louis Stevenson & Fanny Osbourne

TEN YEARS OF THE PHILISTINE

An Index & Concordance

OF VOLUMES I TO XX

Compiled by Julia Ditto Young. Bound solidly in Boards to match *The Philistine*

THE PRICE WILL BE ONE DOLLAR

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LITTLE JOURNEYS

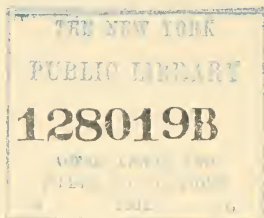
To the Homes of
GREAT LOVERS

*Josiah and Sarah
Wedgwood* ❀ ❀ ❀



Written by Elbert Hubbard and
done into Book Form by *The
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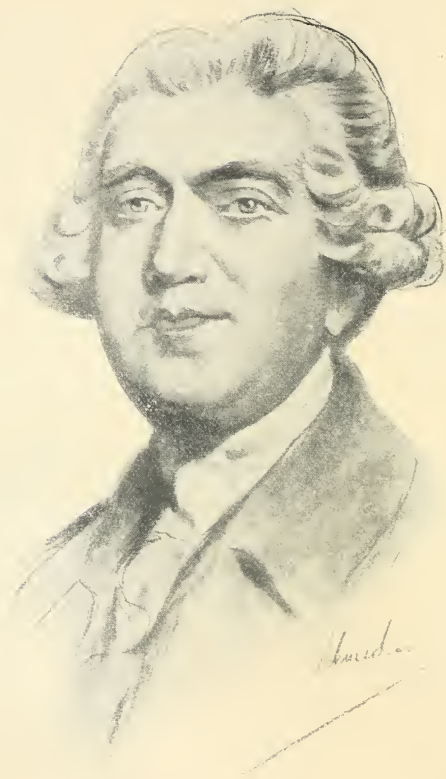


**JOSIAH AND
SARAH WEDGWOOD**

ADMITTING my inexperience, I must say that I think the instinct for beauty and all the desire to produce beautiful things, which you and Gœthe refer to as the "Art Impulse," is a kind of sex quality, not unlike the song of birds or their beautiful plumage.

—JOSIAH WEDGWOOD TO DR. ERASMUS DARWIN.





JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

JOSIAH AND SARAH WEDGWOOD



ONCE upon a day a financial panic was on in Boston. Real estate was rapidly changing hands, the owners making desperate efforts to realize. Banks thought to be solvent and solid, went soaring skyward, and occasionally collapsed with a loud ominous R. G. Dun report. And so it happened that about

this time, Henry Thoreau strolled out of his cabin and looking up at the placid moon, murmured, "Moonshine, after all, is the only really permanent thing we possess."

OThis is the first in the series of twelve love stories, or "tales of moonshine" to use the phrase of Thomas Carlyle. In passing, let us note the fact that the doughty Thomas was not a lover and he more than once growled out his gratitude in that he had never lost either his head or his heart, for men congratulate themselves on everything they have, even their limitations. Thomas Carlyle was not a lover.

A great passion is a trinitarian affair. And I sometimes have thought it a matter of regret, as well as wonder, that a strong man did not appear on the scene and fall in love with the winsome Jeannie Welsh. Conditions were ripe there for a great drama. I know it would have blown the roof off that little house in Cheyne Row, but it might have crushed the heart of Thomas Carlyle and made him a lover, indeed. After

WYLLIS

LITTLE JOURNEYS

death had claimed Jeannie as a bride, the fastnesses of the old Sartor Resartus soul were broken up, and Carlyle paced the darkness, crying aloud, "Oh, why was I cruel to her?" He manifested a tenderness toward the memory of the woman dead, which the woman alive had never been able to bring forth.

Love demands opposition and obstacle. ¶ It is the intermittent or obstructed current that gives power.

The finest flowers are those transplanted—for transplanting means difficulty, a readjusting to new conditions, and through the effort put forth to find adjustment, the plant progresses.

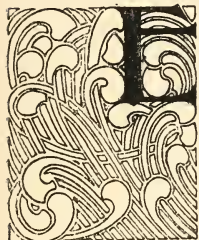
Transplanted men are the ones who do things worth while, and transplanted girls are the only ones who inspire a mighty passion. Audrey transplanted might have evolved into a Nell Gwynn or a Lady Hamilton.

¶ In such immortal love stories as Romeo and Juliet, Tristram and Isolde, and Paola and Francesca, a love so mad in its wild impetus is pictured that it dashes itself against danger; and death for the lovers, we feel from the beginning, is the sure climax when the curtain shall fall on the fifth act.

The sustained popular interest in these tragedies proves that the entranced auditors have dabbled in the eddies, so they feel a fervent interest in those hopelessly caught in the current, and from the snug safety of the parquette, vicariously, live their lives and the loves that might have been.

But let us begin with a life story, where love resolved its "moonshine" into life, and justified itself even to

stopping the mouths of self-appointed censors, who cavilled much and quibbled over-time. Here is a love so great and vital that in its beneficent results we are all yet partakers.



ENGLAND got her civilization from the Dutch; her barbarisms are all her own. ¶ It was the Dutch who taught the English how to paint pictures, and how to print and bind books.

It was the Dutch who taught the English how to use the potter's wheel and glaze and burn earthenware. Until less than two hundred years ago, the best pottery in use in England came from Holland. ¶ It was mostly made at Delft, and they called it Delftware.

Finally they got to making Delftware in Staffordshire. This was about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. And it seems that a little before this time, John Wesley, a traveling preacher, came up this way on horseback, carrying tracts in his saddle-bags, and much love in his heart. He believed that we should use our religion in our life—seven days in a week and not save it up for Sunday. In ridicule, some one had called him a "Methodist," and the name stuck.

John Wesley was a few hundred years in advance of his time. He is the man who said, "Slavery is the sum of all villainies." John Wesley had a brother named

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Charles who wrote hymns, but John did things. He had definite ideas about the rights of women and children, also on temperance, education, taxation and exercise, and whether his followers have ever caught up with him, much less gone ahead of him, is not for me, a modest farmer, to say.

In the published "Journal of John Wesley," is this: "March 8, 1760. Preached at Burslem, a town made up of potters. The people are poor, ignorant and often brutal, but in due time the heart must be moved toward God, and He will enlighten the understanding."

And again: "Several in the congregation talked out loud and laughed continuously. And then one threw at me a lump of potter's clay that struck me in the face, but it did not disturb my discourse."

This whole section was just emerging out of the Stone Age, and the people were mostly making stoneware. They worked about four days in a week. The skillful men made a shilling a day—the women one shilling a week. And all the money they got above a meagre living went for folly. Bear-baiting, bull-fighting and drunkenness were the rule. There were breweries at Staffordshire before there were potteries, but now the potters made jugs and pots for the brewers.

These potters lived in hovels, and what is worse, were quite content with their lot. In the potteries women often worked mixing the mud, and while at the work they wore the garb of men.

Wesley referred to this fact of the men and women dressing alike, and relates that once a dozen women

wearing men's clothes, well plastered with mud, entered the chapel where he was preaching, and were urged on by the men to affront him and break up the meeting ❁ ❁

Then comes this interesting item: "I met a young man by the name of J. Wedgwood, who had planted a flower garden adjacent to his pottery. He also had his men wash their hands and faces and change their clothes after working in the clay. He is small and lame, but his soul is near to God."

I think that John Wesley was a very great man. I also think he was great enough to know that only a man who is in love plants a flower garden.

Yes, such was the case—Josiah Wedgwood was in love, madly, insanely, tragically in love! And he was liberating that love in his work. Hence, among other forms that his "insanity" took, he planted a flower garden. ¶ And of course, the flower garden was for the lady he loved. Love must do something—it is a form of vital energy—and the best things it does, it does for the beloved ❁ ❁

Flowers are love's own properties. And so flowers, natural or artificial, are a secondary sex manifestation.

¶ I said Josiah Wedgwood was tragically in love—the word was used advisedly. One can play comedy; two are required for melodrama; but a tragedy demands three ❁ ❁

A tragedy means opposition, obstacle, objection. Josiah Wedgwood was putting forth a flower garden, not knowing why, possibly, but as a form of attraction.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

And John Wesley riding by, reined in, stopped and after talking with the owner of the flower garden wrote, "He is small and lame, but his soul is near to God."



JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, like Richard Arkwright, his great contemporary, was the thirteenth child of his parents. Let family folk fear no more about thirteen being an unlucky number. ¶ The common law of England, which usually has some good reason based on commonsense for its existence,

makes the eldest son the heir—this on the assumption that the first born inherits brain and brawn plus. If the first born happened to be a girl, it did n't count.

The rest of the family grade down until we get "the last run of shad." But Nature is continually doing things, just as if to smash our theories. The Arkwrights and the Wedgwoods are immortal through Omega and not Alpha.

Thomas Wedgwood, the father of Josiah, was a potter who made butter pots and owned a little pottery that stood in the yard behind the house. He owned it, save for a mortgage, and when he died, he left the mortgage and property to his eldest son, Thomas, to look after.

Josiah was then nine years old, but already he was throwing clay on the potter's wheel. It would not do

to say that he was clay in the hand of the potter, for while the boys of his age were frolicking through the streets of the little village of Burslem, where he lived, he was learning the three R's at his mother's knee.

¶ I hardly suppose we can speak of a woman who was the mother of thirteen children before she was forty, and taking care of them all without a servant, as highly cultivated. Several of Josiah's brothers and sisters never learned to read and write, for like Judith Shakespeare, the daughter of William, they made their mark—which shows us that there are several ways of turning that pretty trick. Children born of the same parents are not necessarily related to each other, nor to their parents.

Mary Wedgwood, Josiah's mother, wrote for him his name in clay, and some years after he related how he copied it a hundred times every day for a week, writing with a stick in the mud.

Lame children or weakly ones seem to get their quota of love all right—so let us not feel sorry for them—everything is equalized.

When Josiah was fourteen he could write better than either his mother or his brother Thomas, for we have the signatures of all three appended to an indenture of apprenticeship, wherein Josiah was bound to his brother Thomas for five years.

The youngster was to be taught the "mystery, trade, occupation and secrets of throwing and handling clay and also burning it." But the fact was that as he was born in the pottery and had lived and worked in it, and

LITTLE JOURNEYS

was a most alert and impressionable child, he knew quite as much about the work as his brother Thomas, who was twenty years older. Years are no proof of ability ❁ ❁

At nineteen, Josiah's apprenticeship to his brother expired. "I have my trade, a lame leg and the marks of smallpox—and I never was good-looking, anyway," he wrote in his commonplace-book.

The terrific attack of smallpox that he had undergone had not only branded his face, but had left an inflammation on his right knee that made walking most difficult. This difficulty was no doubt aggravated by his hard work turning the potter's wheel with one foot. The brother had paid him no wages during the apprenticeship, simply "booarde, meate, drink and cloatheing." Now he was sick, lame and penniless. His mother had died the year before. He was living with his brothers and sisters who were poor, and he felt that he was more or less of a burden to them and to the world—the tide was at ebb.

And about this time it was that Richard Wedgwood, Esq., from Cheshire, came over to Burslem on horseback. Richard has been mentioned as a brother of Thomas, the father of Josiah, but the fact seems to be that they were cousins.

Richard was a gentleman in truth, if not in title. He had made a fortune as a cheesemonger and retired. He went to London once a year, and had been to Paris. He was decently fat, was senior warden of his village church and people who knew their business addressed

him as Squire. The whole village of Burslem only boasted one horse and a mule, but Squire Wedgwood of Cheshire owned three horses, all his own. He only rode one horse though, when he came to Burslem, and behind him, seated on a pillion was his only and motherless daughter Sarah, aged fourteen, going on fifteen, with dresses to her shoe tops.

He brought her because she teased to come, and in truth he loved the girl very much and was extremely proud of her, even if he did reprove her more than was meet. But she usually got even by doing as she pleased.

¶ Now they were on their way to Liverpool and just came around this way a-cousining. And among others whom they called on were the Wedgwood potters. In the kitchen, propped up on a bench, with his lame leg stretched out before him sat Josiah, worn, yellow and wan, all pitted with purple smallpox marks.

The girl looked at the young man and asked him how he got hurt—she was only a child. Then she asked him if he could read. And she was awful glad he could, because to be sick and not be able to read was awful!

Her father had a copy of Thomson's "Seasons" in his saddle-bags. She went and got the book and gave it to Josiah and told her father about it afterward. And when the father and daughter went away the girl stroked the sick boy's head, and said she hoped he would get well soon. She would not have stroked the head of one of those big burly potters, but this potter was different—he was wofully disfigured, and he was sick and lame. Woman's tenderness goes out to homely

LITTLE JOURNEYS

and unfortunate men—read your Victor Hugo! ¶ And Josiah—he was speechless, dumb—his tongue paralyzed! ✽ ✽

The room swam and then tetered up and down, and everything seemed touched with a strange, wondrous light. And in both hands Josiah Wedgwood tenderly held the copy of Thomson's "Seasons."



IN 1860, just a hundred years after John Wesley visited Burslem, Gladstone came here and gave an address on the founding of the Wedgwood Memorial Institute. Among other things said in the course of his speech was this:

Then comes the well-known small-pox, the settling of the dregs of the disease in the lower part of the leg, and the eventual amputation of the limb, rendering him lame for life. It is not often that we have such palpable occasion to record our obligations to calamity. But in the wonderful ways of Providence, that disease which came to him as a two-fold scourge, was probably the occasion of his subsequent excellence. It prevented him from growing up to be the active, vigorous workman, possessed of all his limbs, and knowing right well the use of them; but it put him upon considering whether, as he could not be that, he might not be something else, and something greater. It sent his mind inward; it drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of his art. The result was that he arrived at a perception and grasp of

them which might, perhaps, have been envied, certainly have been owned, by an Athenian potter. Relentless criticism has long since torn to pieces the old legend of King Numa receiving in a cavern, from the nymph Egeria, the laws which were to govern Rome. But no criticism can shake the record of that illness and that mutilation of the boy Josiah Wedgwood, which made a cavern of his bedroom, and an oracle of his own inquiring, searching, meditative, fruitful mind.

¶ You remember how that great and good Richard Maurice Bucke once said, "After I had lost my feet in the Rocky Mountain avalanche, I lay for six weeks in a cabin, and having plenty of time to think it over, I concluded that now my feet were gone, I surely could no longer depend upon them, so I must use my head." And he did.

The loss of an arm in a sawmill was the pivotal point that gave us one of the best and strongest lawyers in Western New York. And heaven knows we need good lawyers—the other kind are so plentiful!

Gladstone thought it was smallpox that drove Josiah Wedgwood to books and art. But other men have had smallpox—bless me! And they never acquired much else ❧ ❧

Josiah kept Thomson's "Seasons" three months and then returned it to Sarah Wedgwood with a letter addressing her as "Dear Cousin." You will find it set down in most of the encyclopedias that she was his cousin, but this is because writers of encyclopedias are literalists, and lovers are poets.

Josiah said he returned the book for two reasons: First,

LITTLE JOURNEYS

inasmuch as he had committed it to memory, he no longer needed it. Second, if he sent it back possibly another book might be sent him instead.

Squire Wedgwood answered this letter himself, and sent two books, with a good, long letter of advice about improving one's time, and "not wasting life in gambling and strong drink as most potters do."

Six months had passed since the Squire and his daughter had been to Burslem. Josiah was much better. He was again at work in the pottery. And now, instead of making brown butter crocks and stone jugs all of the time, he was experimenting in glazes. In fact, he had made a little wooden workbox and covered it over with tiny pieces of ornamental "porcelain" in a semi-transparent green color that he had made himself. And this pretty box he sent to Sarah. Unfortunately, the package was carried on horseback in a bag by the mail-carrier, and on the way the horse lay down, or fell down, and rolled on the mail-bag, reducing the pretty present to fragments. When the wreck was delivered to Sarah, she consulted with her father about what should be done. We ask advice not because we want it, but because we wish to be backed up in the thing we desire to do.

Sarah wrote to Josiah acknowledging receipt of the box, praising its beauty in lavish terms, but not a word about the condition in which it arrived. A few weeks afterward the Squire wrote on his own account and sent ten shilling for two more boxes "just like the first, only different."

Ten shillings was about what Josiah was getting for a month's work.

Josiah was now spending all of his spare time and money in experimenting with new clays and colors, and so the ten shillings came in very handy.

He had made ladles, then spoons, and knife-handles to take the place of horn, and samples of all his best things he sent on to his "Uncle Richard."

His brother Thomas was very much put out over this trifling. He knew no way to succeed save to stick to the same old ways and processes that had always been employed ❁ ❁

Josiah chafed under the sharp chidings of his brother, and must have written something about it to Sarah, for the Squire sent some of the small wares made by Josiah over to Sheffield to one of the big cutlers, and the cutler wrote back saying he would like to engage the services of so talented a person as the young man who could make a snuff box with beautiful leaves modeled on it.

Thomas Wedgwood, however, refused to allow his brother to leave, claiming the legal guardianship over him until he was twenty-one. From this we assume that Josiah's services were valuable.

Josiah had safely turned his twenty-first year before he decided to go down to Cheshire and see his Uncle Richard. He had anticipated the visit for weeks, but now he was on the verge of starting he was ready to back out. A formal letter of excuse and apology was written, but never dispatched. On the appointed day,

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Josiah was duly let down from the postman's cart at the gate of Squire Wedgwood, Spen Green, Cheshire.

¶ The young woman who came down the steps to meet him at the gate might indeed be Sarah Wedgwood, but she was n't the same little girl who had ridden over to Burslem on a pillion behind her father! She was tall, slender and light of step. She was a dream of grace and beauty and her presence seemed to fill the landscape. Over Josiah's being ran a bitter regret that he had come at all. He looked about for a good place to hide, then he tried to say something about "how glad I am to be here," but there was a burr on his tongue and so he stammered, "The roads are very muddy."

In his pocket he had the letter of regret, and he came near handing it to her and climbing into the postman's cart that still stood there.

He started to go through the gate, and the postman coughed, and asked him for his fare.

When the fare was paid Josiah felt sure that Sarah thought he had tried to cheat the poor postman. He protested to her that he had n't, in a strange falsetto voice, that was not his own.

As they walked up toward the house Josiah was conscious he was limping, and as he passed his hand over his forehead he felt the pock marks stand out like moles.

¶ And she was so gracious and sprightly and so beautiful! ❧ ❧

He knew she was beautiful although he really had not looked at her, but he realized the faint perfume of her

presence, and he knew her dress was a light blue—the color of his favorite glaze.

He decided he would ask her for a sample of the cloth that he might make a plate just like it.

When they were seated on the veranda, over which were climbing roses, the young lady addressed him as “Mr. Wedgwood,” whereas in her letters she had always called him “Dear Cousin” or “Josiah.”

It was now her turn to be uncomfortable, and this was a great relief to him. He felt he must put her at her ease, so he said, “These roses would look well on a platter—I will model one for you when I go home.”

¶ This helped things a little, and the girl offered to show him the garden.

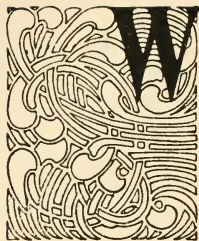
There were no flowers in Burslem. People had no time to take care of them.

And just then the Squire appeared, bluff, bold and hearty and soon everything was all right.

That evening the young lady played for them on the harpsichord; the father told stories and laughed heartily at them because nobody else did; and Josiah seated in a dim corner recited pages from Thomson’s “Seasons,” and the next day was frightened to think of his temerity ❁ ❁



LITTLE JOURNEYS



WHEN Josiah returned to Burslem, it was with the firm determination that he must get away from his brother and branch out for himself. That he loved Sarah or had any idea of wedding her, he was not conscious. Yet her life to him was a great living presence, and all of his plans for the future were made with her in mind. Brown butter crocks were absolutely out of the question! It was blue plates, covered with vines and roses, or nothing; and he even had visions of a tea-set covered with Cupids and flying angels.

In a few weeks we find Josiah over near Sheffield making knife-handles for a Mr. Harrison, an ambitious cutler. Harrison lacked the art spirit and was found too mercenary for our young man, who soon after formed a partnership with one Whieldon, "to make tortoise-shell and ivory from ground flint and other stones by processes secret to said Wedgwood."

Whieldon furnished the money and Wedgwood the skill. Up to this time the pottery business in England had consisted in using the local clays. Wedgwood invented a mill for grinding stone, and experimented with every kind of a rock he could lay his hands on.

¶ He also became a skilled modeler, and his success at ornamenting the utensils and pretty things they made caused the business to prosper.

In a year he had saved up a hundred pounds of his own. This certainly was quite a fortune, and Sarah had written him, "I am so proud of your success—we all

predict for you a great future." ¶ Such assurances had a sort of undue weight with Josiah, for we find him not long after making bold to call on Squire Wedgwood on "a matter of most important business."

The inspired reader need not be told what that business was. Just let it go that the Squire told Josiah he was a fool to expect that the only daughter of Richard Wedgwood, Esq., retired monger in Cheshire cheese, should think of contracting marriage with a lame potter from Burslem. Gadzooks! The girl would some day be heiress to ten thousand pounds or so, and the man she would marry must match her dowry, guinea for guinea. And another thing, a nephew of Lord Bedford, a rising young barrister of London, had already asked for her hand.

To be a friend to a likely potter was n't the same as asking him into the family!

Josiah's total sum of assurance had been exhausted when he blurted out his proposal to the proud father—there was now nothing he could do but to grow first red and then white. He was suppressed, undone, and he could not think of a thing to say, or an argument to put forth. The air seemed stifling. He stumbled down the steps and started down the road as abruptly as he had appeared.

What he would do or where he would go were very hazy propositions in his mind. He limped along and had gone perhaps a mile. Things were getting clearer in his mind. His first decision as sanity returned was that he would ask the first passer-by which way it was

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

to the river. ¶ Now he was getting mad. "A Burslem potter!" that is what the Squire called him, and a lame one at that! It was a taunt, an epithet, an insult! To call a person a Burslem potter was to accuse him of being almost everything that was bad.

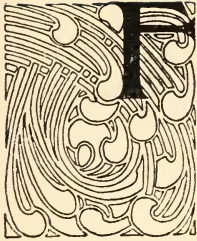
The stage did not go until the next day—Josiah had slackened his pace and was looking about for an inn. He would get supper first, anyway, and then the river—it would only be one Burslem potter less.

And just then there was a faint cry of "Oh, Josiah!" and a vision of blue. Sarah was right there behind him, all out of breath from running across the meadows. "Oh, Josiah—I—I just wanted to say that I hate that barrister! And then you heard papa say that you must match my dowry, guinea for guinea—I am sorry it is so much, but you can do it, Josiah, you can do it!"

¶ She held out her hand and Josiah clutched and twisted it, and then smacked at it, but smacked into space ❀ ❀

And the girl was gone! She was running away from him. He could not hope to catch her—he was lame, and she was agile as a fawn. She stepped upon a stile that led over through the meadow, and as she stood there she waved her hand, and Josiah afterward thought she said, "Match my dowry, guinea for guinea, Josiah—you can do it, you can do it." Just an instant she stood there and then she ran across the meadow and disappeared amid the oaks.

An old woman came by and saw him staring at the trees, but he did not ask her the way to the river.



FROM a shy youth, Josiah Wedgwood had evolved into a man of affairs, and was surely doing a man's work.

He had spent five years making curious earthenware ornaments for the Sheffield cutlers; and then with full one thousand pounds he had come back to Burslem and started business on his own account. He had read and studied and worked, and he had evolved. He was an educated man; that is to say he was a competent and useful man. He determined to free Burslem from the taint that had fallen upon it. "Burslem?" he once wrote to Sarah, "Burslem? The name shall yet be a symbol of all that is beautiful, honest and true—we shall see! I am a potter—yes, but I'll be the best one that England has ever seen."

And the flower garden was one of the moves in the direction of evolution.

Occasionally Josiah made visits to Cheshire, riding forty miles on horseback, for he now had horses of his own. The roads in spring and winter were desperately bad, but Josiah by persistent agitation had gotten Parliament to widen and repair, at the expense of several hundred pounds, the road between Lawton in Cheshire to Cliffe Bank at Staffordshire.

This was the road that led from where Wedgwood lived to where lived his lady-love. Josiah and Sarah had many a smile over the fact that Cupid had taken a hand in road-building. Evidently Dan Cupid is a very

LITTLE JOURNEYS

busy and versatile individual. ¶ Sarah was her father's housekeeper. She had one brother, a young man of meagre qualities. These two were joint heirs to their father's estate of something over twenty thousand pounds. Josiah and Sarah thought what a terrible blow it would be if this brother should die and Sarah thus have her dowry doubled!

The Squire depended upon Sarah in many ways. She wrote his letters and kept his accounts; and his fear for her future was founded on a selfish wish not to lose her society and services, quite as much as a solicitude for her happiness.

For a year after Josiah had exploded his bombshell by asking Squire Richard for his daughter's hand, the lover was forbidden the house.

Then the Squire relaxed so far that he allowed Josiah and Sarah to meet in his presence.

And finally there was a frank three-cornered understanding. And that was that when Josiah could show that he had ten thousand pounds in his own name, the marriage would take place. This propensity on the part of parents to live their children's lives is very common. Few be the parents and very great are they, who can give liberty and realize that their children are only loaned to them. I fear we parents are prone to be perverse and selfish.

Josiah and Sarah reviewed their status from all sides. They could have thrown the old gentleman over-board entirely and cut for Gretna Green, but that would have cost them an even ten thousand pounds. It would also

have secured the Squire's enmity, and might have caused him a fit of apoplexy. And surely, as it was, the lovers were not lost to each other. To wed is often fatal to romance; but it is expecting too much to suppose that lovers will reason that too much propinquity is often worse than obstacle. The road between them was a good one—the letter carrier made three trips a week, and an irascible parent could not stop dreams, nor veto telepathy, even if he did pass a law that one short visit a month was the limit.

Lovers not only laugh at locksmiths, but at most everything else. Josiah and Sarah kept the line warm with a stream of books, papers, manuscripts and letters. By meeting the mail carrier a mile out of the village, the vigilant Squire's censorship was curtailed by Sarah to reasonable proportions.

And so the worthy Richard had added the joys of smuggling to the natural sweets of a grand passion. In thus giving zest to the chase, no thanks, however, should be sent his way. Even stout and stubborn old gentlemen with side whiskers have their uses.

And it was about this time that John Wesley came to Burslem and was suprised to find a flower garden in a community of potters. He looked at the flowers, had a casual interview with the owner and wrote, "His soul is near to God."



LITTLE JOURNEYS



WEDGWOOD knew every part of his business. He modeled, made designs, mixed clay, built kilns and at times sat up all night and fed fuel into a refractory furnace. Nothing was quite good enough—it must be better. And to make better pottery, he said, we must produce better people. He even came very close to plagiarizing Walt Whitman by saying, “Produce great people—the rest follows!”

Wedgwood instituted a class in designing and brought a young man from London to teach his people the rudiments of art.

Orders were coming in from nobility for dinner sets, and the English middle class, instead of dipping into one big pot set in the centre of the table were adopting individual plates.

Knives and forks came into use in England about the time of Good Queen Bess, who was only fairly good. Sir Walter Raleigh who never posted signs reading, “No Smoking,” records, “Tiny forks are being used to spear things at table, instead of the thumb and finger method sanctified by long use.” But until the time of Wedgwood a plate and cup for each person at the table was a privilege only of the nobility, and napkins and finger bowls were on the distant horizon.

Q Wedgwood had not only to educate his workmen, but he had to educate the public. But he made head. He had gotten a good road to Cheshire, and an equally good one to Liverpool, and was shipping crockery in

large quantities to America. ¶ Occasionally Wedgwood taught the designing classes, himself. As a writer he had developed a good deal of facility, for three love letters a week for five years will educate any man. To know the right woman is a liberal education. Wedgwood also had given local addresses on the necessity of good roads, and the influence of a tidy back yard on character.

He was a little past thirty years old, sole owner of a prosperous business, and was worth pretty near the magic sum of ten thousand pounds.

Squire Wedgwood had been formally notified to come over to Burslem and take an inventory. He came, coughed and said that pottery was only a foolish fashion, and people would soon get enough of it.

Richard felt sure that common folks would never have much use for dishes.

On being brought back to concrete reasons, he declared that his daughter's dowry had increased, very much increased, through wise investments of his own. The girl had a good home—better than she would have at Burslem. The man who married her must better her condition, etc., etc.

It seems that Josiah and Sarah had a little of the good Semitic instinct in their make-up. The old gentleman must be managed; the dowry was too valuable to let slip. They needed the money in their business, and had even planned just what they would do with it. They were going to found a sort of Art Colony, where all would work for the love of it, and where would

LITTLE JOURNEYS

take place a revival of the work of the Etruscans. As classic literature had been duplicated, and the learning of the past had come down to us in books, so would they duplicate in miniature the statues, vases, bronzes and other marvelous beauty of antiquity. And the name of the new centre of art was chosen—it should be “Etruria.”

It was a great dream—but then lovers are given to dreams—in fact, they have almost a monopoly on the habit—my, my, my!



GR^{EAT} people have great friends. Wedgwood had a friend in Liverpool named Bentley. Bentley was a big man—a gracious, generous, kindly, receptive, broad and sympathetic man. Your friend is the lengthened shadow of yourself. Bentley was both an artist and a business man. Bentley had no quibble nor quarrel with himself, and therefore was at peace with the world; he had eliminated all grouch from his cosmos. Bentley began as Wedgwood's agent and finally became his partner, and had a deal to do with the evolution of Etruria.

When Bentley opened a show room in London and showed the exquisite, classic creations of Flaxman and the other Wedgwood artists, carriages blocked the streets, and cards of admission had to be issued to

keep back the crowds. Bentley dispatched a messenger to Wedgwood with the order, "Turn every available man on vases—London is vase mad!"

A vase, by the way, is a piece of pottery that sells for from one to ten shillings; if it sells for more than ten shillings, you should pronounce it vawse.

On January 9th, 1764, Wedgwood wrote Bentley this letter:

If you know my temper and sentiments on these affairs, you will be sensible how I am mortified when I tell you I have gone through a long series of bargain-making, of settlements, reversions, provisions and so on. "Gone through it," did I say? Would to Hymen that I had! No! I am still in the attorney's hands, from which I hope it is no harm to pray, "Good Lord, Deliver me!" Sarah and I are perfectly agreed, and would settle the whole affair in three minutes; but our dear papa, over-careful of his daughter's interest, would by some demands which I cannot comply with go near to separate us if we were not better determined. On Friday next Squire Wedgwood and I are to meet in great form, with each of us our attorney, which I hope will prove conclusive. You shall then hear further from

Your obliged and very affectionate friend,

Josiah Wedgwood.

On January 29th, Sarah and Josiah walked over to the little village of Astbury, Cheshire, and were quietly married, the witnesses being the rector's own family, and the mail-carrier. Just why the latter individual was called in to sign the register has never been explained, but I imagine most lovers can. He surely had been "particeps criminis" to the event.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

And so they were married, and lived happily ever afterward ❀ ❀

Josiah was thirty-four, and Sarah twenty-nine when they were married. The ten years of Laban service was not without its compensation. The lovers had lived in an ideal world long enough to crystallize their dreams ❀ ❀

In just a year after the marriage a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood, and they called her name Susannah.

And Susannah grew up and became the mother of Charles Darwin, the greatest scientist the world has ever produced.

Writers of romances have a way of leaving their lovers at the church door, a cautious and wise expedient, since too often love is one thing and life another.

But here we find a case where love was worked into life. From the date of his marriage Wedgwood's business moved forward with never a reverse nor a single setback ❀ ❀

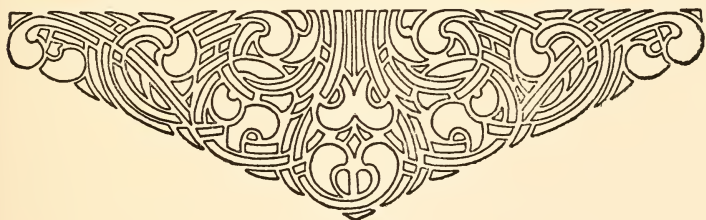
When Wedgwood and Bentley were designated "Potters to the Queen," and began making "queensware," coining the word, they laid the sure foundation for one of the greatest business fortunes ever accumulated in England ❀ ❀

Two miles from Burslem, they built the village of Etruria—a palpable infringement on the East Aurora caveat. And so the dream all came true, and in fact, was a hundred times beyond what the lovers had ever imagined. Sarah's brother accommodately died a few

years after her marriage, and so she became sole heiress to a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and this went to the building up of Etruria.

Wedgwood, toward the close of his life was regarded as the richest man in England who had made his own fortune. And better still, he was rich in intellect and all those finer faculties that go into the making of a great and generous man.

Twenty-two years after his marriage, Wedgwood wrote to his friend Lord Gower, "I never had a great plan that I did not submit to my wife. She knew all the details of the business, and it was her love for the beautiful that first prompted and inspired me to take up Grecian and Roman Art, and in degree, reproduce the classic for the world. I worked for her approval, and without her high faith in me I realize that my physical misfortunes would have overcome my will, and failure would have been written large where now England has carved the word SUCCESS."



AND what a heritage it was, you had the lordship over! A land of fruitful vales and pastoral mountains; and a heaven of pleasant sunshine and kindly rain; and times of sweet prolonged summer, and cheerful transient winter; and a race of pure heart, iron sinew, splendid frame, and constant faith. ¶ All this was yours! The earth with its fair fruits and innocent creatures;—the firmament with its eternal lights and dutiful seasons—the men, souls and bodies, your father's true servants for a thousand years—their lives and their children's children's lives given into your hands, to save or to destroy—their food yours—as the grazing of the sheep is the shepherd's; their thoughts yours—priest and tutor chosen for them by you; their hearts yours—if you would but so much as know them by sight and name, and give them the passing grace of your own glance, as you dwelt among them, their king.

And all of this monarchy and glory, all this power and love, all this land and its people, you pitifulest, foulest of Iscariots, soppt to choking with the best of the feast from Christ's own fingers, you have deliberately sold to the highest bidder—Christ, and His Poor, and His Paradise together; and instead of sinning only, like poor natural Adam, gathering of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, you, who don't want to gather it, touch it with a vengeance—cut it down and sell the timber.

—*John Ruskin.*



THE ROYCROFT INN at East Aurora, New York, was built and furnished by The Roycrofters at an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars. It is probably the only first-class hostelry in the world that is conducted by the people who erected the building, who made the furniture, and manufactured most of the decorations that fit the rooms. ¶ The mural decorations in the "Salon" or music room took our Mr. Alex. Fournier two years to complete. In addition to these the Inn contains over two hundred and fifty valuable paintings and original drawings and portraits.

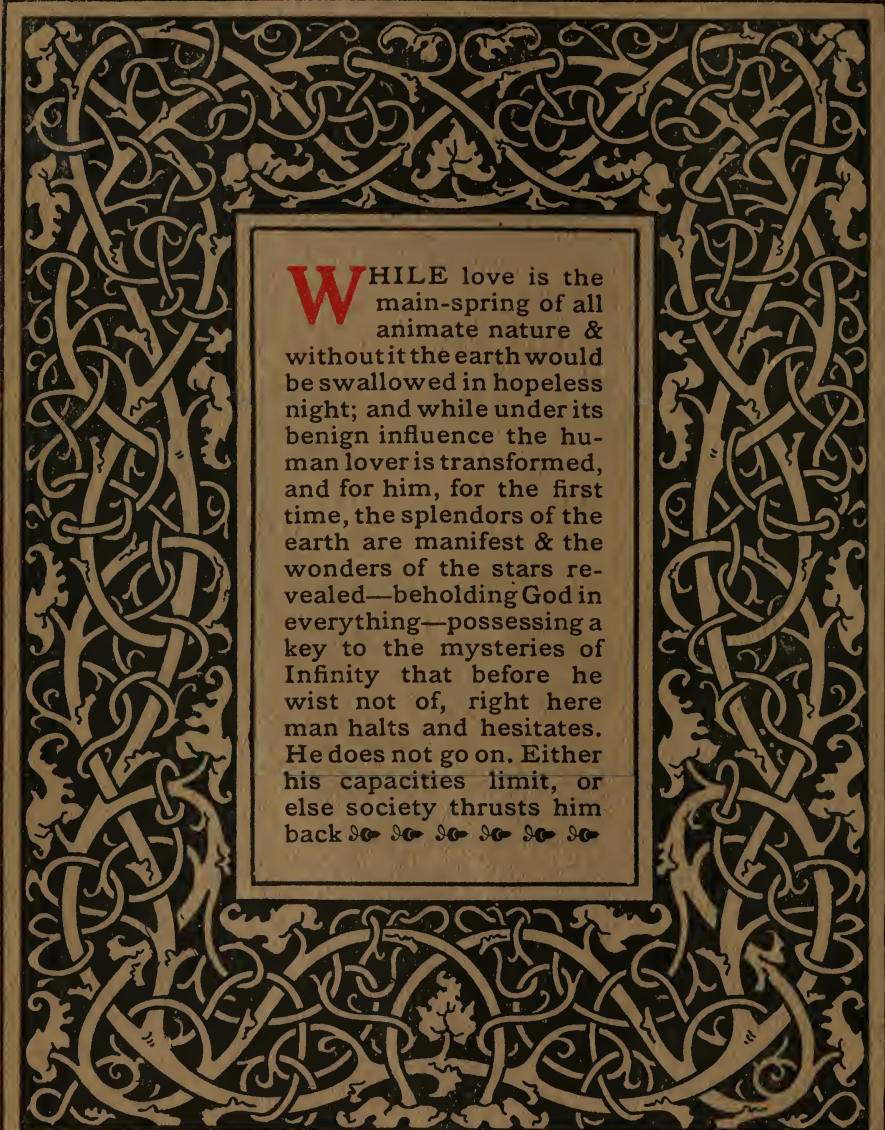
Beside the single rooms there are sixteen suites, consisting of an inside dressing-room or parlor, an out-of-door veranda sleeping-room and a bathroom. These suites are furnished in oak, ash, cherry, curly maple and mahogany, the furniture in each room having been made to match the woodwork.

The chandeliers, drop light fixtures, and electric light fixtures on the walls are made of hammered copper after the designs by our Mr. Dard Hunter, and completed in our own blacksmith shop.

All the beds are provided with box springs, our own make, and layer-cotton mattresses made by our Mr. John Heller. With the exception of the Navajo rugs made by Roycroft Indians, in the reception room, the rugs and carpets were made by Roycroft girls seventy-five years young ❁ ❁

Connected with the Roycroft Inn, and belonging to the place, are Medicinal Springs which possess marked therapeutic properties. The Roycroft also has an Art Gallery, Library, Music Room, Ballroom and Lecture Hall—Steam Heat, Electric Light, Hot & Cold Water, private sewer plant—septic system—one mile from Inn, in construction.

¶ Good people with gourmet proclivities, who demand French delicacies & revel in the gastronomically complex & peculiar, will please go elsewhere. We cook for ourselves—but are glad to put on a plate for you if you wish it. ¶ We have our own herd of Jersey & Holstein cows, so our tables are supplied with fresh milk and cream in abundance. The Roycroft garden of thirty acres furnishes our vegetables, and poultry and eggs we produce galore. ¶ The table is not strictly vegetarian, but the intent is to supply milk, cream, eggs, cereals, fruit—all prepared in so palatable a way that the system demands less meat and is fully nourished and built up, the appetite being satisfied by products that are produced right at hand and are free from every possible deleterious effect. ¶ Sickness at Roycroft is unknown, and many who have come to us thinking they were ill speedily forgot it. Roycroft is not a sanitarium in the common acceptance of the word—our doctors are Moderation, Sunshine, Equanimity, Good Cheer, Fresh Air, Work!



WHILE love is the
main-spring of all
animate nature &
without it the earth would
be swallowed in hopeless
night; and while under its
benign influence the hu-
man lover is transformed,
and for him, for the first
time, the splendors of the
earth are manifest & the
wonders of the stars re-
vealed—beholding God in
everything—possessing a
key to the mysteries of
Infinity that before he
wist not of, right here
man halts and hesitates.
He does not go on. Either
his capacities limit, or
else society thrusts him
back

Vol. XVIII

FEBRUARY, 1906

No. 2

Little Journeys To Homes of Great Lovers

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Without Love the world would only echo cries of pain; the sun would only shine to show us grief; each rustle of the leaf would be a sigh; and all the flowers, only fit to garland graves.

WILLIAM GODWIN

AND

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

Single Copies 25 Cents

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Little Journeys for 1906

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Will be to the Homes of Great Lovers

The Subjects are as Follows:

- 1 Josiah and Sarah Wedgwood
- 2 William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft
- 3 Dante and Beatrice
- 4 John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor
- 5 Parnell and Kitty O'Shea
- 6 Petrarch and Laura
- 7 Dante Gabriel Rossetti & Elizabeth Siddall
- 8 Balzac and Madame Hanska
- 9 Fenelon and Madame Guyon
- 10 Ferdinand Lassalle & Helene von Donniges
- 11 Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet
- 12 Robert Louis Stevenson & Fanny Osbourne

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An Index & Concordance

OF VOLUMES I TO XX

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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of
GREAT LOVERS

William Godwin and
Mary Wollstonecraft



Written by Elbert Hubbard and
done into Book Form by *The
Roycrofters* at their *Shop*, at
East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

A. D. MCMVI



**WILLIAM GODWIN AND
MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT**

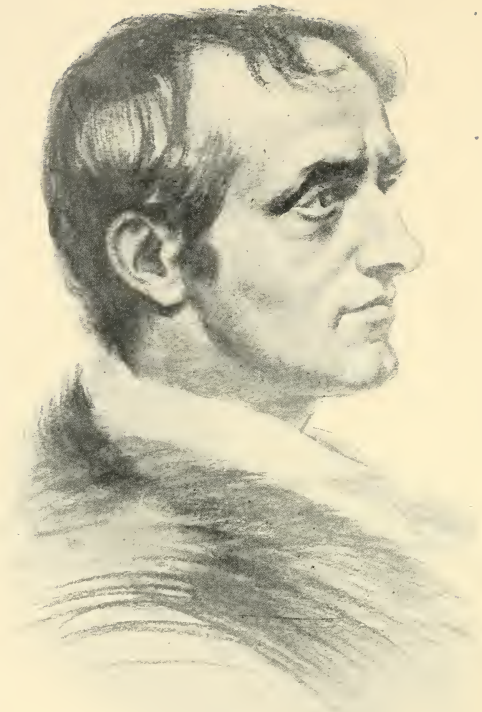
IF children are to be educated to understand the true principle of patriotism, their mother should be a patriot; and the love of mankind, from which an orderly train of virtues springs, can only be produced by considering the moral and civil interest of the race. Woman should be prepared by education to become the companion of man, or she will stop the progress of knowledge, for truth must be common to all, or it will be inefficacious with respect to its influence on general practice.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

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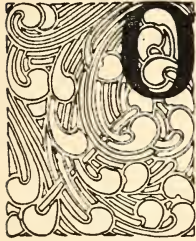
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Handwritten signature

William Godwin

WILLIAM GODWIN AND MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT



QUETHERS may trace the love tales of milkmaids and farm-hands; I deal with the people who have made their mark upon the times; who have tinted the thought fabric of the world; and to whose genius we are all heirs. And the reason the story of their love is vital to us is because their love was vital to them. Thought is born of parents, and literature is the child of married minds. So this then is the love story of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft ❀ ❀

History and literature are very closely related.

If one sets down the chief events in political history, and over against these writes the names of the radical authors and orators of the time, he cannot but be convinced that literature leads, and soldiers and politicians are puppets tossed on the tide of time. A thought, well expressed, is a bomb that explodes indefinitely.

QTwo men, Rousseau and Voltaire, lighted the fuse that created the explosion known as the French Revolution ❀ ❀

Luther's books and sermons brought about the Reformation.

Thomas Paine's little book "The Crisis," of which half a million copies were printed and distributed from Virginia to Maine, stirred the Colonists to the sticking

LITTLE JOURNEYS

point; and George Washington, who was neither a writer nor an orator, paid "Letters and Truth" the tribute of saying, "Without the pamphlets of Thomas Paine the hearts and minds of the people would never have been prepared to respond to our call for troops."

¶ No one disputes now but that it was a book written by a woman, of which a million copies were sold in the North, that prepared the way for Lincoln's call for volunteers.

Literature and oratory are arsenals that supply the people their armament of reasons. And through the use and exercise of these borrowed reasons, we learn to create new ones for ourselves. Thinkers prepare the way for thinkers, and every John the Baptist uttering his cry in the wilderness is heard.

And the fate of John the Baptist, and the fate of the Man whom he preceded are typical of the fate of all who are bold enough to carry the standard of revolt into the camp of the entrenched enemy. The Cross is a mighty privilege; and only the sublimely great are able to pay the price at which Hemlock is held.

Buddha said that the finest word in any language is "Equanimity." This is a paradox, and like every paradox implies that the reverse is equally true. Equanimity in the face of great opposition, steadfastness in time of stress, and wise and useful purpose, are truly god-like. And there is only one thing worth fighting for, talking for, or writing for, and all literature and all oratory have this for their central theme—Freedom!

It was only Freedom that could lure Cincinnatus from

his plow or Lincoln from his law office. ¶ Mary Wollstonecraft's book, "The Rights of Women," was the first strong, earnest, ringing word on the subject. She summed up the theme once and for all, just as an essay by Herbert Spencer anticipates and answers every objection, exhausting the theme. And that the author had a whimsical touch of humor in her composition is shown in that she dedicates the book to that Prince of Woman Haters, "Talleyrand, Late Bishop of Autun." ¶ "Political Justice," by William Godwin, was published in 1793. The work, on its first appearing, created a profound impression among English thinkers, altho orthodoxy has almost succeeded in smothering it in silence since John Stuart Mill declared that this book created an epoch, and deserved to rank with Milton's "Speech for Unlicensed Printing," Locke's "Essay on Human Understanding" or Jean Jacques' "Emile." That it was a positive force in Mill's own life he always admitted.

However, it is only within our own time—since 1876—that the views of Godwin as expressed in "Political Justice" have been adopted by the spirit of Christendom ❁ ❁

Godwin believed in the perfectibility of the race, and proved that man's career has been a constant movement forward. That is, there never was a "Fall of Man." Man has always fallen upward, and when he has kicked the ball it has always been toward the goal. Godwin believed that it was well to scan the faults of our fellows closely in order to see, forsooth, whether

LITTLE JOURNEYS

they are not their virtues. The belief that mankind should by nature tend to evil, he considered absurd and unscientific, for the strongest instinct in all creation is self-preservation; and that certain men should love darkness rather than light, was because governments and religion have warped man's nature through oppression and coercion until it no longer acts normally. "Normal man seeks the light just as the flowers do. Man, if not too much interfered with, will make for himself the best possible environment, and create for his children right conditions, because the instinct for peace and liberty is deeply rooted in his nature. Control by another has led to revolt, and revolt has led to oppression and oppression occasions grief and deadness, and hence bruises and distortion follow. When we view humanity we behold not the true and natural man but a deformed and pitiable product, undone by the vices of those who have sought to improve on nature by shaping his life to feed the vanity of a few and minister to their wantonness. In our plans for social betterment let us hold in mind the healthy and unfettered man, and not the cripple that interference and restraint have made."

Godwin, like Robert Ingersoll, was the son of a clergyman, which reminds me that liberal thought is under great obligations to the clergy, since their sons, taught by antithesis, are often shining lights of radicalism. Godwin was a non-resistant, philosophic anarchist. He was the true predecessor of George Eliot, Walt Whitman, Henry Thoreau and Leo Tolstoy, and the

best that is now being expressed from advanced Christian pulpits harks back to him. All that the foremost of our contemporary thinkers have written and said was suggested and touched upon by William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, with like conclusions.



ANDREW CARNEGIE says, "There is only one generation between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves."

The grandfather of Mary Wollstonecraft was an employing weaver who did his work so well that his wares commanded a price. He grew rich, and when he died he left a fortune of

some thirty thousand pounds, not being able to take it with him. This fortune descended to his oldest son.

Samuel Johnson thought the law of primogeniture a most excellent thing, since it insured there being only one fool in a family. The Wollstonecraft boys who had no money went to work, and in taking care of themselves became strong, sturdy and prosperous men. The one who succeeded to the patrimony was at first a gentleman, then a shabby-genteel, and at forty his time was taken up with schemes to dodge the debtors' prison, and by plans to pay off the National Debt, for it seems that men who cannot manage their own affairs are not deterred thereby from volunteering to look after those of the nation.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

It appears, also, that Mr. Wollstonecraft wrote a book entitled, "How to Command Success," and by its sale hoped to retrieve the fortune now lost, but alas! he ran in debt to the printer and finally sold the copyright to that worthy for five shillings, and on the proceeds got plain drunk.

The family moved as often as landlords demanded, which was about every three months. There were three girls in the family, Mary, Everina and Eliza—all above the average in intelligence. Whether there is any such thing in nature as justice for the individual is a question, but cosmic justice is beyond cavil. The stupidity of a parent is often a very precious factor in the evolution of his children. He teaches them by antithesis. So if a man cannot be useful and strong, all is not lost—he can still serve humanity as a horrible example, like the honest hobo who volunteered to pay the farmer for his dinner by acting as a scarecrow. Children of drunkards make temperance fanatics, and those who have a shiftless father stand a better chance of developing into financiers, than if they had a parent who would set them up in business, stand between them and danger, and meet the deficit.

Women married to punk husbands need not be discouraged, nor should husbands with nagging wives be cast down, for was it not Emerson who said, "It is better to be a thorn in the side of your friend, than his echo" ? ❀ ❀

Thus do all things work together for good, whether you love the Lord or not.

The Wollstonecraft family traversed London with their hand-cart, from Chelsea to East End; they also roamed through Essex, Yorkshire and Kent. When matters became strained they fell back on London, paid one month's rent in advance and then stayed three, when their goods and chattels were gently landed on the curb, and the hand-cart came in handy.

As the girls grew up they worked at weaving, served as house-girls, nurses, and finally Mary became a governess in the family of Lord Kingsborough, an Irish nobleman. ✽ This gave her access to her employer's library, and she went at it as a hungry colt enters a clover field. Not knowing how long her good fortune would last, she eagerly improved her time. She wrote frequent letters to her sisters telling what she was doing, and what she was reading. She was eminently superior to any of the females in the family & acknowledged it. A tutor in the house taught her French, and whether the nobleman's children learned much or not, we do not know, but Mary soon equaled her teacher. ¶ Knowledge is a matter of desire.

The next year the Wollstonecraft girls opened a private school, a kind of "Young Ladies' Establishment," quite on the Mrs. Nickleby order. And indeed, if a Micawber had been wanting, Mary knew where to look for him.

About this time Mary met Ursa Major, who may have treated men very rudely but not your petite, animated and clever women. ✽ Dr. Johnson quite liked little Mary Wollstonecraft. She matched her wit against his

LITTLE JOURNEYS

and put him on his metal, and when Mary once expressed a desire to become an authoress he encouraged her by saying, "Yes, my dear, you should write, for that is the way to learn, and no matter how badly you write, you can always be encouraged by finding men who write worse." And another time he said, "Women have quite as much interest in life as men, and see things just as clearly, and why they should not write the last word as well as speak it, I do not know." ❀ ❀

That settled it with Mary—she gave up her part in the school; and very soon after, the sisters gave up theirs, one of them wedding a ne'er-do-well scion of nobility, and the other marrying an orthodox curate with a hare-lip ❀ ❀

Through the help of Dr. Johnson, Mary got a position as proofreader with a publisher. Here her knowledge of French was valuable, and she assisted in translations. Then she became literary adviser and reader for different publishers. She was making money, and had accumulated a little fortune of near a hundred pounds by the sweat of her brain. Her close acquaintanceship with printers and publishers placed her where she became acquainted with several statesmen who had speeches to make, and for these she constructed arguments and helped them out of dire difficulties by rounding out their periods, and introducing flights of fancy for men whose fancies were wingless.

On her own account she had written various stories and essays. She had met the wits and thinkers of Lon-

don and had learned to take care of herself. She was an earnest, honest, industrious and highly intelligent woman, and commanded the respect of those who knew her best. "To know her," says Godwin in his "Memoir," "was to love her, and those who did not love her, did not know her."

Of course, she was an exceptional person, for have I not intimated that she was a thinker? This was over a hundred years ago, and thinkers were as scarce then as now, for even so-called educated folk, for the most part, only think they think. When Frederick Harrison referred to Charlotte Perkins Gilman as a reincarnation of Mary Wollstonecraft he did not stray far a-field.

¶ Mary Wollstonecraft had translated into English Rousseau's "Emile," and had read Voltaire closely and with appreciation.

The momentous times of 1792 were on in Paris. That mob of women, ragged and draggled, had tramped out to Versailles, and Marie Antoinette, a foolish girl who rattled around in a place that should have been occupied by a Queen, had looked out of the window and propounded her immortal question:

"What do they want?"

"Bread!" was the answer.

"Why don't they eat cake?" asked Her Chatterbox.

¶ Mary Wollstonecraft was a revolutionary by nature. Looking about her she saw London seething with swarms of humanity just one day's rations removed from starvation. A few miles away she saw acres upon acres—thousands of acres kept and guarded for private

LITTLE JOURNEYS

parks and game preserves. Then it was that she supplied Henry George that fine phrase, "Man is a land animal." And she fully comprehended that the question of human rights will never be ended until we settle the land question. She said, "Man is a land animal, and to deprive the many of the right to till the soil, is like depriving fishes of the right to swim in the sea. You force fish into a net, and they cease to thrive; you entrap men, through economic necessity, in cities and allow a few to control the land, and you perpetuate ignorance and crime. And eventually you breed a race of beings who take no joy in Nature, never having gotten acquainted with her. The problem is not one of religion, but of commonsense in economics. Back to the land!"

Of course a writing woman who could think like this was deeply interested in the unrest across the Channel ❀ ❀

And so Mary packed up and went over to Paris, lured by three things: a curiosity concerning the great social experiment being there worked out; an ambition to perfect herself in the French language by speaking only French; a writer's natural thirst for good copy.

¶ In all these things the sojourn of Mary Wollstonecraft in Paris was a success, but tragedy was lurking and lying in wait for her. And it came as it has come for women since time began—through that awful handicap, her nature's need for affection.



IN Paris martial law reigned supreme ; the death tumbrel rattled in the streets, and through a crack in the closed casement Mary Wollstonecraft looked out and saw Louis XVI. riding calmly to his death.

The fact that she was an Englishwoman brought Mary Wollstonecraft under suspicion, for the English sympathized with royalty. When men with bloody hands come to your door, and question you concerning your business and motives, the mind is not ripe for literature !

The letters Mary Wollstonecraft had written for English journals she now destroyed, since she could not mail them, and to keep them was to run the risk of having them misinterpreted. The air was full of fear and fever. No one was allowed to leave the city unless positively necessary, and to ask permission to go was to place one's self under surveillance.

It was at this time that Mary Wollstonecraft met Gilbert Imlay, an American, who had fought with Lafayette and Washington. He was a man of some means, alert, active and of good address. On account of his relationship with Lafayette, he stood well with the revolutionaries of Paris. He was stopping at the same hotel where Mary lodged, and very naturally, speaking the same language, they became acquainted. She allowed herself to be placed under his protection, and their simple friendship soon ripened into a warmer feeling. Love is largely a matter of propinquity.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

It was a time when all formal rites were in abeyance, and in England any marriage contract made in France and not sanctified by the clergy, was not regarded as legal. Mary Wollstonecraft became Mrs. Mary Imlay, and that she regarded herself as much the wife of Imlay as God and right could command, there is no doubt.

¶ In a few months the tempest and tumult subsided, so they got away from Paris to Havre, where Imlay was interested in a shipping office. At Havre their daughter Fanny was born. Imlay had made investments in timber lands in Norway and was shipping lumber to France. Some of these ventures turned out well, and then Imlay extended his investments on borrowed capital. The man was a nomad by nature, generous, extravagant and kind, but he lacked the patience and application required to succeed as a business man. He could not wait—he wanted quick returns.

¶ The wife had insight and intellect, and could follow a reason to its lair. Imlay skimmed the surface. He went across to London, leaving his wife and babe at Havre. Mary made a trip to Norway for him, with a power of attorney to act as she thought best in his interests. In Norway she found that much of the land that Imlay had bought was worthless, being already stripped of its timber. She, however, improved the time by writing letters for London papers, and these eventually found form in her book entitled, "Letters from Norway."

Arriving back at Havre she found that Imlay had dismantled their home, and for a time she did not know

his whereabouts. Later they met in London. ¶ When the time of separation came, however, she was sufficiently disillusioned to make the actual parting without pain. When Imlay saw she would no longer consent to be his wife, he proposed to provide for her, but she declined the offer, fearing it would give him some claim upon her and upon their child.

And so Gilbert Imlay sailed away to America and out of the life of Mary Wollstonecraft. Exit Imlay.



IN London the position of Mary Wollstonecraft was most trying. Penniless, deserted by Imlay, her husband, with a hungry babe at her breast, she was looked at askance by most of her old acquaintances.

There were not wanting good folks who gathered their skirts about them, sneezed as she passed, and said, "I told you so."

Her brother Charles, a degenerate pettifogging barrister, with all his father's faults and none of his grandfather's virtues, for whom Mary had advanced money so that he could go to college, came to her in her dire extremity and made a proffer of help. It was on condition that she should give up her babe and allow him to place it in a foundlings' home. This being done, the virtuous Charles would get Mary a position as weaver in a woolen mill, under an assumed name, and the past

LITTLE JOURNEYS

which was past would be as if it never had been. This in the face of the assertion of Pliny, who said eighteen hundred years before, that one of the things even God could not do, was to obliterate the past, and Omar's words, "Nor all your tears shall blot a line of it."

The mental processes of Charles are shown in his suggestion of a pleasant plan whereby Imlay could be lured back to England, arrested, and with the assistance of a bum bailiff, marriage forced upon him. His scheme was rejected by the obdurate Mary, who held that the very essence of marriage was freedom.

The tragic humor of the action of Charles turns on his assumption that his sister was "a fallen woman," and must be saved from disgrace. This opinion was shared by various other shady respectables who kept the matter secret by lifting a soprano wail of woe from the housetops, declaring that Mary had smirched their good names and those of their friends by her outrageous conduct. These people also busied themselves in spreading a report that Mary had gone into "French ways," it being strongly held, then as now, by the rank and file of burly English beef-eaters, male and female, that morality in France is an iridescent dream—only that is not the exact expression they use.

Hope sank in the heart of the lone woman, and for a few weeks it appeared that suicide was the only way out. As for parting with her child, or with her brother Charles and his kin, Mary would stand by her child. It is related that on one occasion her sister, Everina, came to visit her, and Mary made bold to

minister to her babe in the beautiful maternal way sanctified by time, before bottle babies became the vogue and nature was voted vulgar. The sight proved too much for Everina's nerves, and she fainted, first loudly calling for the camphor.

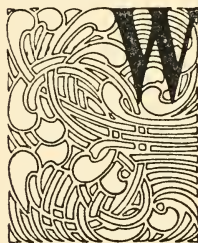
The family din evidently caused Mary to go a step further than she otherwise might, and she dropped the name Imlay and called herself plain Mary Wollstonecraft, thus glorifying the disgrace. This increased fortitude had come about by discovering that she could still work and earn enough money to live on by proof-reading and translations; and it seemed that she had a head full of ideas. There in her lonely lodgings at Blackfriars, in the third story back, she was writing "The Rights of Women." The book in places shows heat and haste, and its fault is not that it leads people in the wrong direction, but that it leads them too far in the right direction—that is, farther than a sin-stained and hypocritical world can follow.

When men deserve the ideal, it will be here. If mankind were honest and unselfish, then every proposition held out by Mary Wollstonecraft would hold true. Her book is a vindication, in one sense, of her own position, for at the last, all literature is a confession. But Mary Wollstonecraft's book is also a plea for faith in the Divinity that shapes humanity and "leads us on amid the encircling gloom." It is moreover a protest against the theological idea that woman is the instrument of the devil, who tempted man to his ruin. Very frank is the entire expression, all written by a Tess of the

LITTLE JOURNEYS

D'Urbervilles, a pure woman whom fate had freed from the conventional, and who, wanting little and having little to lose, not even a reputation, was placed in a position where she could speak the truth.

Parts of the book seem trite enough to us at this day, since many of the things advocated have come about, and we accept them as if they always were. For instance, there is an argument in favor of women being employed as school-teachers, then there is the plea for public schools and for co-education.



WILLIAM and Mary first met in February, 1796. In this matter dates are authentic, for Godwin kept a diary for forty-eight years, in which he set down his acts, gave the titles of books he read and named the distinguished people he met. This diary is nearly as valuable as that of Samuel Pepys, save

that it unfortunately does not record the inconsequential and amplify the irrelevant, for it is the seemingly trivial that pictures character. Godwin's diary forms a continuous history of literary and artistic London.

William was not favorably impressed with Mary the first time they met each other. Tom Paine was present, and Godwin wanted to hear him talk about America, and instead Mary insisted upon talking about Paris, and Tom preferred to listen to her than to talk himself.

Q“ The drawing-room was not big enough for this precious pair,” says Godwin, and passes on to minor themes, not realizing that destiny was waiting for him around the corner.

The next time they met William liked Mary better, for he did most of the talking, and she listened. When we are pleased with ourselves we are pleased with others. “She has wondrous eyes, and they welled with tears as we conversed. She surely has suffered, for her soul is all alive,” wrote Godwin.

The third time they met, she asked permission to quote from his book, “Political Justice,” in her own book, “The Rights of Women,” upon which she was hard at work. They were getting quite well acquainted, and he was so impressed with her personality, that he ceased to mention her in his diary.

Godwin’s book had placed him upon the topmost turret of contemporary literary fame. Since the publication of the work he was fairly prosperous, although his temperament was of that gently procrastinating and gracious kind that buys peace with a faith in men and things. Mary had an eager, alert and enthusiastic way of approaching things that grew on the easy-going Godwin. Her animation was contagious.

The bold stand Mary had taken on the subject of marriage; her frankness and absolute honesty; her perfect willingness to abide by the consequences of her mistakes, all pleased Godwin beyond words. ♣ He told Coleridge that she was the greatest woman in England, and Coleridge looked her over with a philosopher’s

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

eye, and reported her favorably to Southey. In a letter to Cottle, Robert Southey says:

Of all the lions or literati I have seen here, Mary Imlay's countenance is the best, infinitely the best: the only fault in it is an expression somewhat similar to what the prints of Horne Tooke display—an expression indicating superiority; not haughtiness, not sarcasm, in Mary Imlay, but still it is unpleasant. Her eyes are light brown, and although the lid of one of them is affected by a little paralysis, they are the most meaning I ever saw. As for Godwin himself, he has large noble eyes, and a nose—oh, a most abominable nose! Language is not vituperatious enough to describe the effect of its downward elongation.

In mentioning Godwin's nose, it is well to remember that Southey described his own.

In August, 1796, Godwin borrowed fifty pounds from Thomas Wedgwood, son of Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria, which money was to tide Mary over a financial stress, and afford her the necessary leisure to complete "The Rights of Women."

The experience of Mary Wollstonecraft in the publishing business, enabled her to make favorable arrangements for the issue of her book. The radicalism of America and France had leavened England until there was a certain market for progressive literature. Twenty years later, the work would have been ignored in silence or censored out of existence, so zigzag is the path of progress. ¶ As it was, the work sold so that in six months from the time it was put on sale, Mary had received upwards of two hundred pounds in royalties.

Recognition and success are hygienic. Mrs. Blood, an erstwhile friend, saw Mary about this time, and wrote to an acquaintance, "I declare if she is n't getting handsome and knows it. She has well turned thirty and has a sprinkling of gray hair and a few wrinkles, but she is doing her best to retrieve her youth."

Mary had now quit Blackfriars for better quarters near Hyde Park. Her health was fully restored, and she moved in her own old circle of writers and thinkers. ¶ At this time William and Mary were both well out of the kindergarten. He was forty and she was thirty-seven. Several years before, William had issued a sort of proclamation to the public and a warning to women of the quest, that bachelordom was his by choice, and that he was wedded to philosophy. Very young people are given to this habit of declaration: "I intend never to wed," and it seems that older heads are just as absurd as young ones. It is well to refrain from mentioning what we intend to do, or intend not to do, since we are all sailing under sealed orders and nothing is so apt to occur as the unexpected.

Towards the last of the year 1796, William was introducing Mary as his wife, and congratulations were in order. To them, mutual love constituted marriage, and when love died, marriage was at an end.

A sharp rebuke was printed about this time by Mary, evidently prompted by that pestiferous class of law-breakers who do not recognize that the opposite of things are alike, and that there is a difference between those who rise above law and those who burst through

it. Said Mary, "Freedom without a sense of responsibility is license, and license is a ship at sea without rudder or sail." That the careless, mentally slipshod, restless and morally unsound should look upon her as one of them, caused Mary more pain than the criticisms of the unco-gude. It was this persistent pointing out by the crowd, as well as regard for the unborn, that caused William and Mary to go quietly in the month of March, 1797, to St. Pancras Church and be married, all according to the laws of England.

Godwin wrote of the mating thus:

The partiality we conceived for each other was in that mode which I have always considered as the purest and most refined quality of love. It grew with equal advances in the minds of each. It would have been impossible for the most minute observer to have said who was before and who was after. One sex did not take the priority which long-established custom had awarded it, nor the other overstep that delicacy which is so severely imposed. I am not conscious that either party can assume to have been the principal agent in the affair. When, in the course of things, the disclosure came, there was nothing, in a manner, for either party to disclose to the other. There was no period of throes and resolute explanation attendant on the tale. It was friendship melting into love.

Mary was now happier than she had ever been before in her life. She wrote to a friend: "My barque has at last glided out upon the smooth waters. Married to a man whom I respect, revere and love, who understands my highest flights of fancy, and with whom complete companionship exists, my literary success assured,



Mary Wollstonecraft

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and the bugaboo of poverty at last removed, you can imagine how serene is my happiness.”

But this time of joy was to be short.

She died three months later, September 10, 1797, leaving behind her a baby girl eleven days old.

This girl, grown to womanhood, was Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and without whom the name of Shelley would be to us unknown.

¶ In writing of the mother who died in giving her birth Mary Shelley says:

Mary Wollstonecraft was one of those rare beings who appear once, perhaps, in a generation, to gild humanity with a ray which no difference of opinion nor chance of circumstance can cloud. Her genius was undeniable. She had been bred in the hard school of adversity, and having experienced the sorrows entailed on the poor and oppressed, an earnest desire was kindled within her to diminish these sorrows.

Her sound understanding, her intrepidity, her sensibility, and eager sympathy, stamped all her writings with force and truth, and endowed them with a tender charm that enchants while it enlightens. Many years have passed since that beating heart has been laid in the cold, still grave, but no one who has ever seen her speaks of her without enthusiastic love and veneration. Was there discord among friends or relatives, she stood by the weaker party, and by her earnest appeals and kindness awoke latent affection, and healed all wounds. Open as day to melting charity, with a heart brimming with generous affection, yearning for sympathy, helpful, hopeful and self-reliant, such was Mary Wollstonecraft.

The Bibliomaniac's Assignment of Binders

By IRVING BROWNE



IF I could bring the dead to-day,
I would your soul with wender fill
By pointing out a novel way
For bibliopegistic skill.

My Walton, Trautz should take in hand,
Or else I'd give him o'er to Hering;
Matthews should make the Gospels stand
A solemn warning to the erring.

The history of the Inquisition,
With all its diabolic train
Of cruelty and superstition
Should fitly be arrayed by Paine.

A book of dreams by Bedford clad,
A Papal history by De Rome
Should make the sense of fitness glad
In every bibliomaniac's home.

As our first mother's folly cost
Her sex so dear, and makes men grieve,
So Milton's plaint of Eden lost
Would be appropriate to Eve.

Hayday would make "One Summer" be
Doubly attractive to the view;
While General Wolf's biography
Should be the work of Pasdeloup.

For lives of dwarfs, like Thomas Thumb,
Petit's the man by nature made,
And when Munchausen strikes us dumb
It is by means of Gascon aid.

Thus would I the great binders blend
In harmony with work before 'em,
And so Riviere I would commend
To Turner's "Liber Fluviorum."



ALL IMMORTALS should send their
books that they want rebound to The Roy-
crofters, at their Shop in East Aurora, N. Y.

The Man of Sorrows

*Being a Little Journey
to the home of*

JESUS OF NAZARETH

By ELBERT HUBBARD

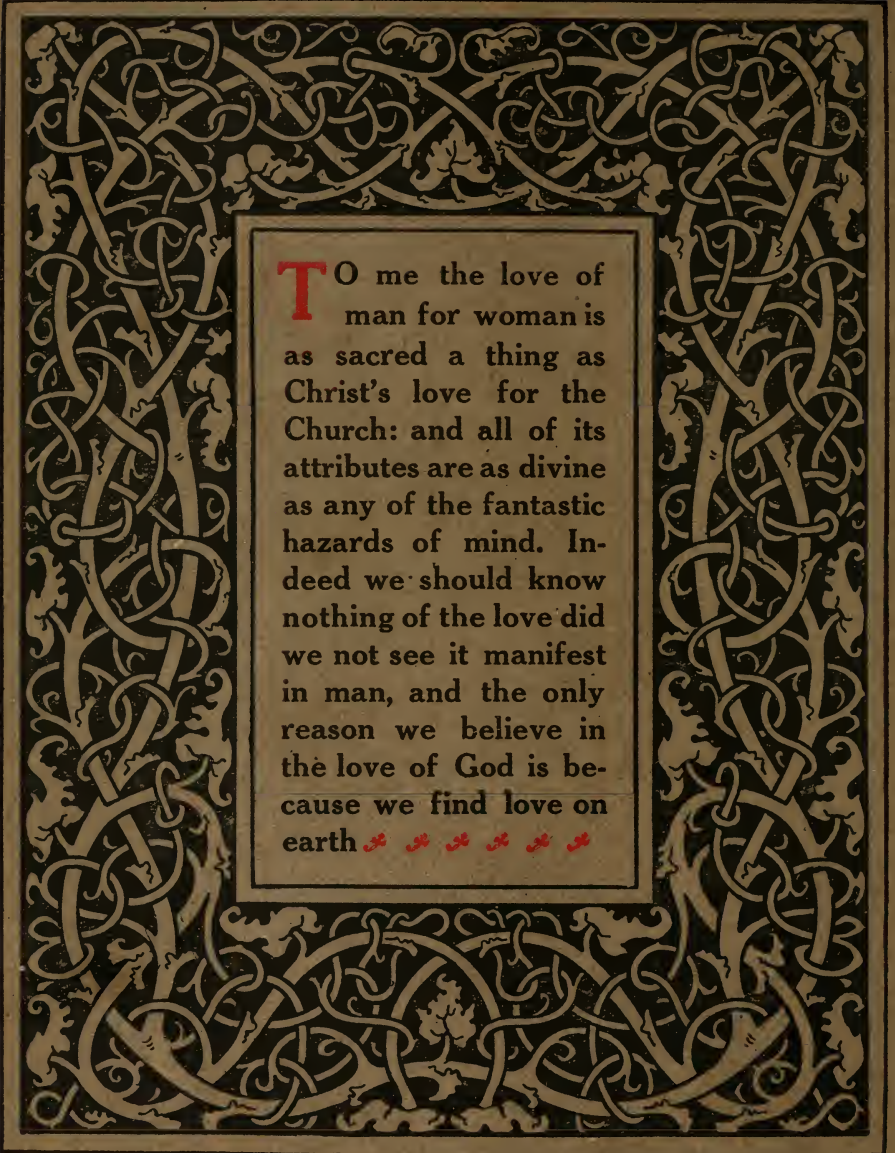


SINCERE attempt to sketch the life, time, and teachings, and with truth limn the personality of The Man of Sorrows.

Printed on hand-made paper, from a new font of Roman type, with special initials and ornaments designed by our Roycroft artists. One hundred & twenty pages. A very beautiful book, bound solidly, yet simply in limp leather, silk lined. A choice gift book.

PRICE PER VOLUME, - \$2.00

¶ If Elbert Hubbard's name lives in literature, it will not be on account of his exquisite "Philistine" fooling; nor yet because of that interesting trifle, "A Message to Garcia." But it will be on account of this book, "The Man of Sorrows." Here is a limpid, lucid tale of a man's life as the author sees it—told as if it had never been told before—told without preaching; in language full of grace, tenderness, and strong, quiet reserve. The book is an unconscious bid for immortality.—Denver Post



TO me the love of man for woman is as sacred a thing as Christ's love for the Church: and all of its attributes are as divine as any of the fantastic hazards of mind. Indeed we should know nothing of the love did we not see it manifest in man, and the only reason we believe in the love of God is because we find love on earth ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

Vol. XVIII

MARCH, 1906

No. 3

Little Journeys To Homes of Great Lovers

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Lovers are hopelessly given over to mysteries and secrecy, to signs and omens and portents; they carry meanings further and spin out the thread of suggestion to a fineness that scowling philosophers cannot follow.

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By ELBERT HUBBARD

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- 2 William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft
- 3 Dante and Beatrice
- 4 John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor
- 5 Parnell and Kitty O'Shea
- 6 Petrarch and Laura
- 7 Dante Gabriel Rossetti & Elizabeth Siddall
- 8 Balzac and Madame Hanska
- 9 Fenelon and Madame Guyon
- 10 Ferdinand Lassalle & Helene von Donniges
- 11 Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet
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To the Homes of
GREAT LOVERS

Dante and Beatrice



Written by Elbert Hubbard and
done into Book Form by *The*
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East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

A. D. MCMVI

DANTE AND BEATRICE

D A N T E

WHAT should be said of him cannot be said;
By too great splendor is his name attended;
To blame is easier those who him offended,
Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.
This man descended to the doomed and dead
For our instruction; then to God ascended;
Heaven opened wide to him its portals splendid,
Who from his country's, closed against him, fled.
Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice
Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth well,
That the most perfect, most of grief shall see.
Among a thousand proofs let one suffice,
That as his exile hath no parallel,
Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

—LONGFELLOW.

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Dante

DANTE AND BEATRICE



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has placed in the pillory of letters what he is pleased to call, "The Disagreeable Girl." ☞ ☞

And he has done the deed by a dry-plate, quick-shutter process in a way that surely lays him liable for criminal libel in society's assize.

I say society's assize advisedly, because it is only in society that the Disagreeable Girl plays a prominent part, assuming the center of the stage. Society, in the society sense, is built on vacuity; its favors being for those who reveal a fine capacity to waste and consume. Those who would write their names high on society's honor roll, need not be either useful or intelligent—they need only seem.

And this gives the Disagreeable Girl her opportunity. In the paper box factory she would have to make good; Cluett, Coon & Co. ask for results; the stage demands at least a modicum of intellect in addition to shape, but society asks for nothing but pretence and the palm is awarded to palaver.

But do not if you please imagine that the Disagreeable Girl does not wield an influence.

That is the very point—her influence is so far-reaching that George Bernard Shaw, giving cross-sections of life in the form of dramas, cannot write a play and leave her out.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

She is ubiquitous, omniscient and omnipresent—is the Disagreeable Girl.

She is a disappointment to her father, a humiliation to her mother, a pest to brothers and sisters, and when she finally marries, she saps the inspiration of her husband and often converts a proud and ambitious man into a weak and cowardly cur.

Only in society does the Disagreeable Girl shine—everywhere else she is an abject failure.

The much-vaunted Gibson Girl is a kind of de luxe edition of Shaw's Disagreeable Girl. The Gibson Girl lolls, loafes, pouts, weeps, talks back, lies in wait, dreams, eats, drinks, sleeps and yawns. She rides in a coach in a red jacket, plays golf in a secondary sexual sweater, dawdles on a hotel veranda, tum-tums on a piano, but you never hear of her doing a useful thing or saying a wise one. She reveals a beautiful capacity for avoiding all useful effort.

Gibson gilds the Disagreeable Girl.

Shaw paints her as she is.

In the "Doll's House" Henrik Ibsen has given us Nora Hebler, a Disagreeable Girl of mature age, who beyond a doubt first set George Bernard Shaw a-thinking. Then looking about, Shaw saw her at every turn in every stage of her moth and butterfly existence.

And the Disagreeable Girl being everywhere, Shaw, dealer in human character, cannot write a play and leave her out, any more than Turner could paint a picture and leave man out, or Paul Veronese produce a canvas and omit the dog.

The Disagreeable Girl is a female of the genus homo persuasion, built around a digestive apparatus with marked marshmallow proclivities.

She is pretty, pug-nosed, poetical, pert and pink; and at first glance to the unwary, she shows signs of gentleness and intelligence. Her age is anywhere from eighteen to twenty-eight. At twenty-eight she begins to evolve into something else, and her capacity for harm is largely curtailed, because by this time spirit has written itself in her form and features, and the grossness and animality which before were veiled are now becoming apparent.

Habit writes itself on the face, and body is an automatic recording machine.

To have a beautiful old age, you must live a beautiful youth, for we ourselves are posterity and every man is his own ancestor. I am to-day what I am because I was yesterday what I was.

The Disagreeable Girl is always pretty, at least she has been told she is pretty, and she fully accepts the dictum ☞ ☞

She has also been told she is clever, and she thinks she is ☞ ☞

The actual fact is she is only "sassy."

The fine flaring up of youth has set sex rampant, but she is not "immoral" excepting in her mind.

She has caution to the verge of cowardice, and so she is sans reproche. In public she pretends to be dainty, but alone, or with those for whose good opinion she does not care, she is gross, coarse, and sensual in every

LITTLE JOURNEYS

feature of her life. She eats too much, does not exercise enough and considers it amusing to let others wait upon her, and do for her the things she should do for herself. Her room is a jumble of disorder, a fantasie of dirty clothes—a sequinarium of unmentionables, that is if the care of it is left to herself. The one gleam of hope for her lies in the fact, that out of shame she will allow no visitor to enter the apartment if she can help it. Concrete selfishness is her chief mark. She avoids responsibility, side-steps every duty that calls for honest effort; is secretive, untruthful, indolent, evasive and dishonest ☞ ☞

“What are you eating?” asks Nora Hebler’s husband as she enters the room, not expecting to see him.

“Nothing,” is the answer, and she hides the box of bonbons behind her, and presently backs out of the room ☞ ☞

I think Mr. Hebler had no business to ask her what she was eating—no man should ask any woman such a question, and really it was no difference anyway. But Nora is always on the defensive and fabricates when it is necessary, and when it is n’t, just through habit. She will hide a letter written by her grandmother as quickly and deftly as if it were a missive from a guilty lover. The habit of her life is one of suspicion, for being inwardly guilty herself, she suspects everybody, although it is quite likely that crime with her has never broken through thought into deed. Nora rifles her husband’s pockets, reads his note-book, examines his letters, and when he goes on a trip she spends the

day checking up his desk, for her soul delights in duplicate keys.

At times she lets drop hints of knowledge concerning little nothings that are none of hers, just to mystify folks ☞ ☞

She does strange, annoying things simply to see what others will do.

In degree, Nora's husband fixed the vice of finesse in her nature, for even a "good" woman accused parries by the use of trickery and wins her point by the artistry of the bagnio. Women and men are never really far apart anyway, and women are what men have made them ☞ ☞

We are all just getting rid of our shackles: listen closely anywhere, even among honest and intellectual people, if such there be, and you can detect the rattle of chains.

☞ The Disagreeable Girl's mind and soul have not kept pace with her body. Yesterday she was a slave, sold in Circassian mart, and freedom to her is so new and strange that she does not know what to do with it.

The tragedy she works, according to George Bernard Shaw, is through the fact that very often good men, blinded by the glamor of sex, imagine they love the Disagreeable Girl, when what they love is their own ideal ☞ ☞

Nature is both a trickster and a humorist, and sets the will of the species beyond the discernment of the individual. The picador has to blindfold his horse in order to get him into the bull-ring, and likewise Dan Cupid exploits the myopic to a purpose.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

For aught we know, the lovely Beatrice of Dante was only a Disagreeable Girl clothed in a poet's fancy. Fortunate was Dante that he never knew her well enough to get undeceived, and so walked through life in love with love, sensitive, saintly, sweetly sad and divinely happy in his melancholy.



HERE be simple folks and many, who think that the tragedy of love lies in its being unrequited.

The fact is, the only genuinely unhappy love—the only tragedy—is when love wears itself out.

Thus tragedy consists in having your illusions shattered.

The love story of Dante lies in the realm of illusion and represents an eternal type of affection. It is the love of a poet—a Pygmalion, who loves his own creation. It is the love that is lost, but the things we lose or give away, are the things we keep.

That for which we clutch we lose.

Love like that of Dante still exists everywhere, and will until the end of time. One-sided loves are classic, and know neither age nor place, and to degree—let the fact be stated softly and never hereafter be so much as whispered—all good men and women have at some time loved one-sidedly, the beloved being as unaware of the love as a star is of the astronomer who discovers

it. ¶ This kind of love, carried on discreetly, is on every hand, warming into life the divine germs of art, poetry and philosophy. Of it the world seldom hears. It creates no scandal, never is mentioned in court proceedings, nor is it featured by the newspapers. Indeed, the love of Dante would have been written in water, were it not for the fact that the poet took the world into his confidence, as all poets do—for literature is only confession.

¶ Many who have written of Dante, like Boccaccio and Rossetti, have shown as rare a creative ability as some claim Dante revealed in creating his Beatrice.

“Paint me with the moles on,” said Lincoln to the portrait man. I’ll show Dante with moles, wrinkles and the downward curve of the corners of his mouth, duly recording the fact that the corners of his mouth did not turn down always.

I think, somewhere, I have encouraged the idea of women marrying the second time, and I have also given tangible reasons. Let me now say as much for men ☞ ☞

The father of Dante married and raised a family of seven. On the death of his wife he sought consolation for his sorrow in the love of a lass by the name of Bella—her family name is to us unknown. They were married, and had one child, and this child was Dante. Dante, at times, had a way of mourning over the fact that his father and mother ever met, but the world has never especially sympathized in this regret.

Dante was born in the year 1265, in the city of Florence, which was then the artistic and intellectual capi-

tal of the world. ¶ Dante seemed to think that the best in his nature was derived from his mother, who was a most gentle, sensitive and refined spirit. Such a woman married to a man old enough to be her father is not apt to be absurdly happy. This has been said before, but it will bear repeating. Yet disappointment has its compensation, since it drives the mind on to the ideal, and thus is a powerful stimulant for the imagination. Deprive us of our heritage here, and we will conjure forth castles in Spain—you cannot place an injunction on that!

Dante was not born in a castle, nor yet a house with portcullis and battlements.

Time was when towers and battlements on buildings were something more than architectural appendenda. They had a positive use.

Towers and courtyards were only for the nobility and signified that the owner was beyond the reach of law; he could lock himself in and fight off the world, the flesh and the devil if he wished.

Dante's father lived in a house that had neither tower nor court that closed with iron gate. He was a lawyer, a hard-headed man who looked after estates, collected rents and gave advice to aristocratic nobodies for a consideration. He did not take snuff, for obvious reasons, but he was becomingly stout, carried a gold-headed cane or staff with a tassel on it, and struck this cane on the ground, coughing slightly, when about to give advice, as most really great lawyers do.

When little Durante, or Dante, as we call him, was

nine years old his father took him to a lawn fete held at the suburban home of Folco de Portinari, one of the lawyer's rich clients. Now Signor Portinari in social station was beyond Alighieri the lawyer, and of course nobody for a moment suspected that the dark-skinned, half-scared little boy, clutching his father's forefinger as they walked, was going to write "The Divine Comedy." No one paid any particular attention to the father and child, as they strolled beneath the trees, rested on the benches and were served with chocolate and cheese-straws by the servants.

But on this occasion the boy caught a passing glimpse of Beatrice Portinari, the daughter of the host. The girl was just nine years old—the boy must have been told this by his father as he pointed out the fair one. The boy did not speak to her nor did she speak to him—this was quite out of the question, for they were on a totally different social plane.

Amid the dim lights of the flaming torches he saw her—just for an instant! The whole surroundings were strangely unreal, but calculated to impress the youthful imagination, and out of it all the boy carried with him this vision of loveliness. In his "New Life"—what an appropriate title for a love story!—Dante tells of this first sight of the beloved, somewhat thus:

Nine times already since my birth had the heaven of light returned to the selfsame point almost, as concerns its own revolution, when first the glorious lady of my mind was made manifest to my eyes, even she who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore. She had already been in this life so long as that,

LITTLE JOURNEYS

within her time the starry heaven had moved toward the eastern quarter one of the twelve parts of the degree; so that she appeared to me at the beginning of her ninth year, and I saw her almost at the end of my ninth year. Her dress on that day was of the most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited her very tender age. At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which has its dwelling in the secretest chamber of my heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: Here is a deity stronger than I, who coming shall rule over me.



NINE was a sacred number with Dante. He was nine years old when he first saw his lady-love, and she too was nine, not yet having reached the age of indiscretion.

Nine years were to elapse before he was to speak with her. It is quite possible that he had caught glimpses of her in the interval, at church.

Churches have their uses as trysting places for the unquenched spirit—vows are repeated there that have no witnesses and do not go into the register. There lovers meet in soul, and feed upon a glance when heads are bowed in prayer. Love lends a deep religious air to the being, and when we are in love, we love God. At other times we only fear Him.

I am told that there be young men and maidens fair
who walk on air and live in paradise until Sunday
comes again, all on account of a loving look into eyes
that look love again, in the dim religious light while
the music plays soft and low.

The lover watched his graceful maid
As mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still in the snow-white choir.

And where is the gray-bearded prophet who has yet
been wise enough to tell us where love ends and re-
ligion begins!

But in all these nine years Beatrice and Dante had
never met—she had not heard his voice, nor he hers.

¶ Only glances, or a hand lifted in a way that spoke
tomes ☞ ☞

He had developed into a dark, dashing youth given to
falconry, painting and music. He had worked with
Cimabue, the father of Italian art, had been chum of
Giotto, to whom all cherubim and seraphim trace.

At that time people with money who wanted to edu-
cate their sons, sent them out at what seems to us a
very tender age, to travel and tramp the earth alone.
They were remittance men who shifted from univer-
sity to university, and took lessons in depravity, being
educated by the boys.

Dean Pluntre says that there were universities in the
Middle Ages at Padua, Bologna, Paris and Oxford
carried on in a very desultory way by pious monks,
where the boys were divided by nationalities, so as to

LITTLE JOURNEYS

afford a kind of police system—Italian, Spanish, French and English ☞ They caroused, occasionally fought, studied when they felt like it, and made love to married women—all girls being under lock and key for safe-keeping ☞ ☞

So there you get the evolution of the modern university: a mendicant monastery where boys were sent in the hope that they might absorb a little of the religious spirit and a desire to know.

Finally there were enough students so that they organized cliques, clubs & secret societies, and by a process of natural selection governed themselves and visited punishment upon offenders.

Next, on account of a laxity of morals and an indifference to books, a military system of discipline was enforced: lights had to be out at ten o'clock and a student caught off the grounds without leave was punished. The teacher was a vicarious soldier. At that time each school had a prison attached, of which the "carcer" at Heidelberg is the surviving type.

Up to the Sixteenth Century, every university was a kind of castle or fort and the students might at any time be compelled to do military duty. The college had its towers for fighting men, its high walls, its fortified fronts and iron gates. These gates and walls still survive in rudimentary form, and the sixteen foot spiked steel fence at Harvard is the type of a condition that once was an actual necessity—the place was a law unto itself, paid no taxes, and at any time might be raided. Colleges yet pay no taxes and are also quasi-

mendicant institutions. ¶ It was not until well into the Sixteenth Century that requirements, examinations, system and discipline began to dawn upon the world. Before that a student was a kind of troubadour—a cross between a monk and crusader—a knight-errant of love and letters, and the moral code for him did not apply. An argument can be made for his chivalric tendencies, and his pretence for learning had its place—for affectation is better than indifference. The roystering student is not wholly bad.

Poetry and love-making were to the velvet-breeched youth the real business of life. Like knights in armor he often wore the colors of a lady who merely smiled at him from a latticed window. If she dropped for him her glove or handkerchief, he was in the seventh heaven. As his intents were not honorable nor his purpose marriage, it made no difference whether the lady was married or single, young or old. Whether the love remained upon a Platonic and purely poetic basis depended, of course, entirely upon the lady and her watchful relatives. If the family was poor and the lover rich, these things might have a bearing. We hear of alliances in those days, not dishonorable, where the husband was complacent and looked upon it as a distinction to have worthy scions of greatness pay court to his wife. Such men were referred to as “fribblers” or “tamecats.” The woman was often much older than the alleged student, and this seems to have been no disadvantage, for charms o’er-ripe are oft alluring to a certain type of youth.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Such things now would lead to head-lines in the daily papers, and snap-shots of all parties concerned, followed by divorce-court proceedings. Then, even among honorable husbands, the only move was to hire an extra Pinkerton duenna to attend the fair one, and to smile in satisfaction over the possession of a wife so much coveted—the joy of all ownership being largely the ability to excite envy.

College rowdyism, cane rushes, duels, bloody Monday, the fag system and hazings, are all surviving traditions of these so-called universities where people who had the price sent their sons into the pedagogic bull-pen. ¶ As for centuries, youths who were designed for the priesthood were the only ones educated, so the monks were the first teachers, and the monastery was the college. In the Twelfth Century a college was merely a monkery that took in boarders, and learning was acquired by absorption.

No records were kept of the students—they simply paid a small fee, were given a badge and attended lectures when they got ready.

Some students stayed and studied for years, thinking the business of life was to cram with facts. Such bachelor grubbers with fixed incomes, like pensioners in a soldiers' home, old and gray, are now to be seen occasionally in European universities, sticklers for technicalities, hot after declensions, and happy when they close in on a new exception to a Greek verb, giving it no quarter. When they come to die they leave earth with but a single regret—they have never been able to

fully compass the ablative. ¶ But the rough-and-tumble student was the rule, with nose deep into stein, exaggerating little things into great, making woeful ballad to his mistress' eyebrow. Such was Milord Hamlet, to whom young Dante bears a strange resemblance.

A university like this where the students governed themselves, and the duties of the faculty consisted largely in protecting the property, had its advantages. We will come back to self-government yet, but higher up in the scale. It was like a big country school, in a country town, where lessons in self-reliance are handed out with the bark on. The survival of the fittest prevails, and out of the mass emerge now and then a strong man who makes his mark upon the times.

Dante was back home in Florence from his sojourn abroad, a bit of a dandy no doubt, with a becoming dash and a touch of sophomoric boldness. He had not forgotten Beatrice Portinari—often had he thought of her—the princess of his dreams, and all the dames he had met had been measured with her as a standard.

¶ She had been married about a year before to a rich banker, Simone de Bardi. This did not trouble Dante—she was too far removed from him to be an actual reality, and so he just waived her husband and dismissed him with a shrug. Beside that, young married women have a charm all their own—they are wiser than maidens, more companionable; innocence is not wholly commendable—at least not to a university student ☞ ☞

And now face to face Dante and Beatrice meet.

**LITTLE
JOURNEYS**

It is the first, the last, the only time they were to meet on earth.

They meet.

She is walking with two women friends, one on either side ☉☉

She is clothed in pure white—her friends in darker raiment. She looks like an angel of light.

Dante and Beatrice are not expecting to meet—there is no time for embarrassment.

How did she know that young Dante Alighieri had returned—she must have been dreaming of him—thinking of him!

There she stands right before him—tall, graceful, intellectual, smiling.

Eyes look into eyes and flash recognition. The earth seems to swirl under Dante's feet. He uncovers his head and is about to sink to his knees, but she sustains him with a word of welcome and holds out the tips of her fingers for him to touch.

She is older now than he—she is married, and a married woman of eighteen may surely reassure a boy who is only eighteen!

“We have missed you from the church and from our streets—you look well, Gentle Sir! Welcome back to our Florence! Good evening!”

The three women move on—Dante tries to, but stands rooted like one of those human trees he was afterward to see in purgatory. He follows her with his eyes, and just once she looks back and smiles as the three women are lost in the throng.

That chance meeting, the salutation and the smile were to write themselves into the "Vita Nuova." Dante had begun a New Life.

LITTLE JOURNEYS



THE City of Florence at this time was prosperous. The churches had their pagan holidays, fetes and festivals, and gayety was the rule. Out at Fiesole and Vallambrosa, where the leaves fall, there were Courts of Love where poets chanted their lays and singers sang. In all this life Dante took a prominent part, for while he was not of noble birth he was of noble bearing.

There were rival political parties then in Florence and instead of settling their difficulties at the polls, they had resource to the cobblestone and club.

When the Guelfs routed the Ghibellines from the city, Dante served as a soldier, or was sworn in as a deputy sheriff, and did some valiant fighting for the Guelfs, for which privilege he was to pay when the Ghibellines came back.

Just what his every-day occupation was we are not sure, but as he was admitted a member of the Guild of Apothecaries we assume that he clerked in a drug store, and often expressed himself thus, "Lady, I am all out of liverwort to-day, but I have here something just as good."

LITTLE JOURNEYS

And he read her a few stanzas from the "Vita Nuova," that he had just written behind the screen at the prescription counter.

In the year 1289, Charles Martel, son of Charles II., came to Florence and Dante was appointed one of the committee to look after his entertainment.

Martel was a man of intelligence and discrimination, a lover of letters and art. He and Dante became fast friends, and it seems Dante became a kind of honorary member of his court.

Dante could paint a little; he played on the harp and he also recited his own poems. His love of Beatrice de Bardi was an open secret—all Florence knew of it. He had sung her beauty, her art, her intelligence in a way that made both locally famous.

He had written a poem on the sixty chief belles of Florence, and in this list he had not placed Beatrice first, but ninth. Just why he did this, unless to emphasize his favorite number, we do not know. In any event it made more talk than if he had placed her first.

¶ And once at church where he had followed Beatrice, he made eyes openly at another lady, to distract the attention of the observing public. The plan worked so well that Beatrice, seeing the flirtation, shortly afterward met Dante and cut him dead—or to use his own phrase "withheld her salutation."

This caused the young man such bitter pain that he wrote a veiled poem, explaining the actual facts. These facts were that out of his great love for Beatrice, in order to protect her good name, he had openly made

love to another. ¶ I said that the fact that Beatrice had declined to speak to Dante as they passed by had caused him bitter pain. This is true, but after a few days the matter took on a new light. If Beatrice was indifferent to him why should she be displeased when he had made eyes at another?

She evidently was jealous and Dante was in a paradise of delight, or in purgatory, or both according to the way the wind sat.

There is no reason to suppose that Dante and Beatrice ever met and talked things over. She was closely guarded, and evidently ran no risk of smirching her good name by associating with a troubadour student. He could sing songs about her—this she could not help, but beyond this there was nothing doing.

Only once after this did they come near meeting. It was at a wedding party where Dante had gone evidently without invitation. He inwardly debated whether he should remain to the feast or not, and the ayes had it.

¶ He was about to be seated at the table when a sudden sense of first heat and then cold came over him and he grasped his chair for support. The light seemed blinding. He closed his eyes, and then opened them and looking up, on the opposite side of the room he saw his Beatrice!

A friend seeing his agitation and thinking him ill, led him forth into the open air and there chafed his icy fingers asking, "What can it be—what is the matter?"

¶ And Dante answered, "Of a surety I have set my feet on a point of life beyond which he must not pass

LITTLE JOURNEYS

who would return!" ¶ Immediately thereafter—probably the next day—Dante began a poem, carefully thought out, in celebration of the beauty and virtue of Beatrice. He had written but one stanza when he tells us that, "The Lord God of justice called my most gracious Lady to Himself."

And Beatrice was dead, aged twenty-five years. Through her death Dante was indeed wedded to her memory. He calls her the bride of his soul.



WE cannot resign from life gracefully. Work has to be performed even when calamity comes and we stand by an open grave and ask old Job's question, "If a man die shall he live again?"

¶ Dante felt sure that Beatrice must live again in all her loveliness. "Heaven had need of her," he cries in his grief.

And then again, "She belonged not here, and so God took her to Himself."

At first he was dumb with sorrow, then tears came to his relief, and a little later he eased his soul through expression: he indited an open letter, a kind of poetic proclamation to the citizens of Florence, rehearsing their loss and offering them consolation in the thought that they now had a guardian angel in heaven.

The lover, like an artist or skilled workman, always exaggerates the importance of his passion, and links

his love with the universal welfare of mankind. **Q** And stay! after all he may be right—who knows! So a year passed away in sadness, with a few bad turnings into sensuality followed by repenting in verse.



It was the anniversary of her death, and Dante was outlining angels to illustrate his sonnets wherein he apotheosized Beatrice.

And behold! as he day-dreamed of his Beatrice, sweet consolation came in double form.

First he saw a gentle lady who looked very much like the lady he lost. Lovers are always looking for resemblances—on the street, in churches, at the theatre or concert, in travel—looking always, ever looking for the form and face of the beloved.

Strange resemblances are observed—persons are followed—the height, gait, attire, carriage of the head are noted and heart beats fast!

So Dante saw a lady who seemed to have the same dignity of carriage, a like nobility of features, a look as luminous and a glance as telling as those of Beatrice.

Evidently he paid court to her with so much success that he turned from her and recriminated himself for having his passion aroused by a counterfeit. She looked the part, but her feet were clay and so were heart and head, and Dante turned again to his ideal, Beatrice in heaven  

And with the turning came the thought of paradise! He would visit Beatrice in heaven and she would meet him at the gates and guide his way.

The visit was to be one personally conducted.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Every great and beautiful thing was once an unuttered thought; and we know the time and almost the place where Dante conceived the idea of the Divine Comedy.

¶ The new Beatrice he had found was only a plaster paris cast of the original—Dante's mind recoiled from her to the genuine, that is to the intangible, which proves that even commonplace women have their uses.

¶ At this time while he was revolving the nebulous Commedia in his mind, he read Cicero's Essay on Friendship, and dived deep into the philosophy of Epictetus and Plato. Then he printed a card in big letters and placed it on his table where he could see it continually—"Philosophy is the cure for love!"

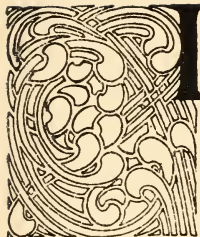
But it was n't—excepting for a few days when he wrote some stanzas directed to the world declaring that his former poems referring to Beatrice merely pictured her as "Philosophy, the beautiful woman, daughter of the Great Emperor of the Universe." He declared that all of his odes to his gentle lady were odes to philosophy to which all wise men turn for consolation in time of trouble ☞ ☞

Nothing matters much—pish!

It was the struggle of the poet and the good man, trying to convince himself that he travels the fastest who travels alone.

Dante must have held the stern and placid pose of Plato the confirmed bachelor, for a full week, then tears came and melted his artificial granite.

And as for Plato the confirmed bachelor, legend has it that he was confirmed by a woman.



IN the train of Boccaccio traveled a nephew of Dante who had his illustrious uncle's history at his tongue's end.

¶ From this nephew we get the statement that the marriage of Dante and Gemma Donati in 1292, when Dante was twenty-seven, was a little matter arranged by the friends of both parties.

Dante was dreamy, melancholy and unreliable—marriage would sober his poetic debauch and cause him to settle down!

Ruskin, it will be remembered, was looked after by the match-makers in much the same way.

So Dante was married. Some say that his wife was the gentle lady who looked like Beatrice, but this is pure conjecture. Four children were born to them in seven years. One of these was named Beatrice, which seems to prove that the wife of Dante was aware of his great passion. One of the sons became a college professor and wrote a commentary on "The Commedia" and also an unneeded defense of his father's character and motives in making love to a married lady.

Dante was a man of influence in the affairs of the city. He occupied civic offices of distinction, wrote addresses and occasionally poems wherein he glorified his friends and referred scathingly to his political adversaries.

Gemma must have been a woman of more than average brain and intelligence, for when her husband was banished from Florence by the successful Ghibellines, she kept her little family together, worked hard, educated

LITTLE JOURNEYS

her children, and Boccaccio says lived honorably and indulged in no repining.

So far as we know, Dante sent no remittances home. He moved from one university to another and accepted invitations from nobility to tarry at their castles. He dressed in melancholy black and read his poems to polite assemblies. Now and then he gave lectures. He was followed by spies, or thought he was, and now and then quarreled with his associates or host, and made due note of the fact, leaving the matter to be adjusted when he had time and wanted raw stock for his writings. And all the time he mourned not for the loss of Gemma and his children, but for Beatrice. She it was who met him and Virgil at the gates of paradise and guided them about the place, explaining its art, ethics and economics, and pointing out the notables.

Dante placed in paradise all those who had befriended him most and praised his poems. People he did not like he deposited in hell, for Dante was human. That is what hell is for—a place to put people who disagree with us.

Milton was profoundly influenced by Dante, and in fact was very much like him, save that though he had the felicity to be legally married three times, yet there is no sign of passionate love in his life.

Henley says that without Dante we should have had no Milton, and how much Dante and Milton have influenced the popular conception of the Christian religion, no man can say.

Even as conservative a man as Archdeacon Farrar in one of his Clark lectures said: "Our orthodox faith seems to trace a genesis to the genius of Dante, with St. Paul and Jesus as secondary or contributing influences." ☪ ☪

After five years' wandering, Dante was notified that he could return to Florence on making due apology to the reigning powers and walking in the procession of humble transgressors.

The letter he wrote in reply is still in existence. He scorned pardon, since he had been guilty of no offense, and he would return with honor or not at all.

This letter secured him a second indictment wherein it was provided that he should be burned alive if he set foot inside the republic.

This sentence was not revoked until 1494, and as Dante had then been dead over a hundred years, it was of small avail on earth. The plan, however, of pardoning dead men was so that their souls could be gotten out of purgatory legally, the idea being that man's law and justice were closely woven with the Law of God, and that God punished offenses against the State, just as He would offenses against the Church. Hence it was necessary for the State and Church to quash their indictment before God could do the same.

People who believe that governments and religious denominations are divine institutions will see the consistency and necessity of Pope Alexander IV. and Lorenzo de Medici combining and issuing a pardon in Dante's favor one hundred and seventy years after his

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

death. He surely had been in purgatory long enough. ¶ Dante died at Ravenna in 1321, aged fifty-six years. It seems that he had gone there to see his daughter, Beatrice, who was in a nunnery just outside the city walls. There his dust rests.

If it be true that much of modern Christianity traces to Dante, it is no less true that he is the father of modern literature. He is the first writer of worth to emerge out of that night of darkness called the Middle Ages ¶ ¶

His language is tender and full of sweet, gentle imagery. He knew the value of symbols and his words often cast a purple shadow. His style is pliable, flexible—fluid, and he shows rare skill in suggesting a thing that it would be absurd to describe.

Dante was an artist in words, and in imagination a master. The history of literature can never be written and the name of Dante left out. And he, of all writers, most vividly portrays the truth that without love, human love, there would be no such thing as poetry.





THE ROYCROFT INN at East Aurora, New York, was built and furnished by The Roycrofters at an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars. It is probably the only first-class hostelry in the world that is conducted by the people who erected the building, who made the furniture, and manufactured most of the decorations that fit the rooms. ¶ The mural decorations in the "Salon" or music room took our Mr. Alex. Fournier two years to complete. In addition to these the Inn contains over two hundred and fifty valuable paintings and original drawings and portraits.

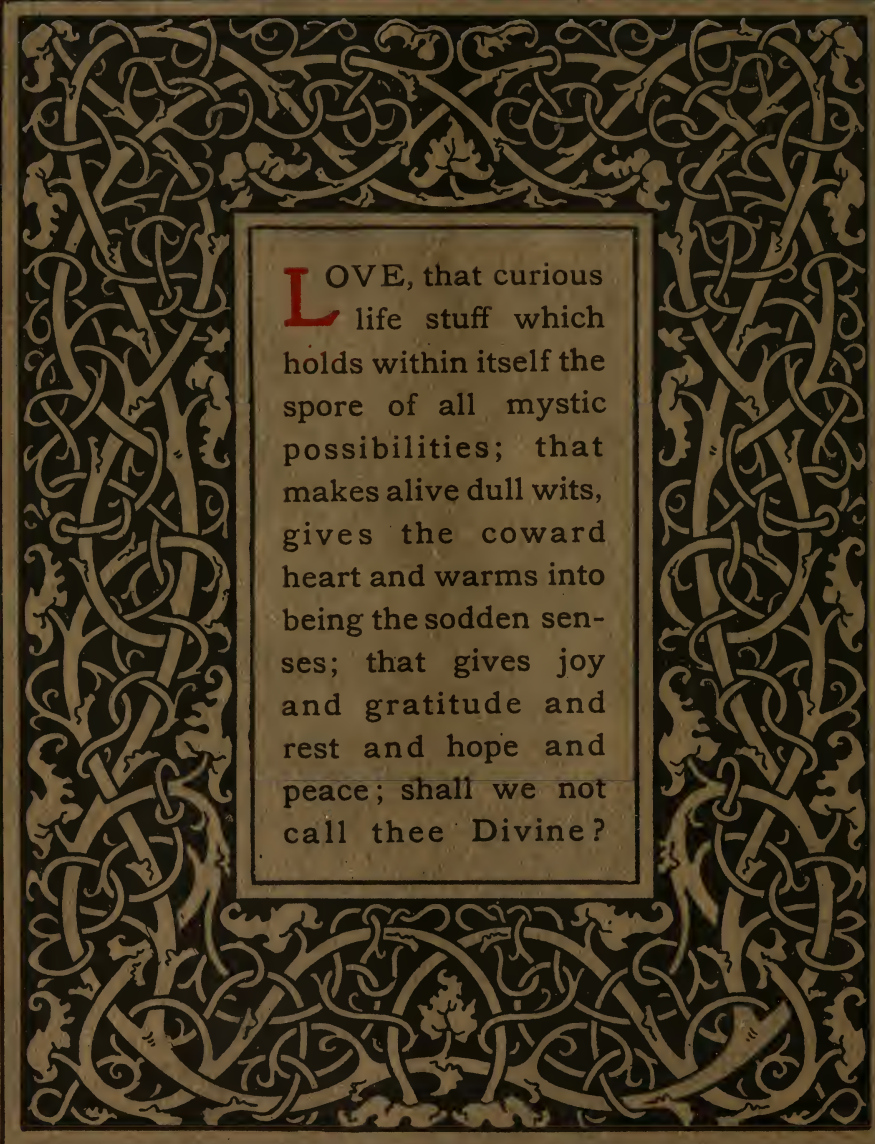
Beside the single rooms there are sixteen suites, consisting of an inside dressing-room or parlor, an out-of-door veranda sleeping-room and a bathroom. These suites are furnished in oak, ash, cherry, curly maple and mahogany, the furniture in each room having been made to match the woodwork.

The chandeliers, drop light fixtures, and electric light fixtures on the walls are made of hammered copper after the designs by our Mr. Dard Hunter, and completed in our own blacksmith shop.

All the beds are provided with box springs, our own make, and layer-cotton mattresses made by our Mr. John Heller. With the exception of the Navajo rugs made by Roycroft Indians, in the reception room, the rugs and carpets were made by Roycroft girls seventy-five years young ❀ ❀

Connected with the Roycroft Inn, and belonging to the place, are Medicinal Springs which possess marked therapeutic properties. The Roycroft also has an Art Gallery, Library, Music Room, Ballroom and Lecture Hall—Steam Heat, Electric Light, Hot & Cold Water, private sewer plant—septic system—one mile from Inn, in construction.

¶ Good people with gourmet proclivities, who demand French delicacies & revel in the gastronomically complex & peculiar, will please go elsewhere. We cook for ourselves—but are glad to put on a plate for you if you wish it. ¶ We have our own herd of Jersey & Holstein cows, so our tables are supplied with fresh milk and cream in abundance. The Roycroft garden of thirty acres furnishes our vegetables, and poultry and eggs we produce galore. ¶ The table is not strictly vegetarian, but the intent is to supply milk, cream, eggs, cereals, fruit—all prepared in so palatable a way that the system demands less meat and is fully nourished and built up, the appetite being satisfied by products that are produced right at hand and are free from every possible deleterious effect. ¶ Sickness at Roycroft is unknown, and many who have come to us thinking they were ill speedily forgot it. Roycroft is not a sanitarium in the common acceptance of the word—our doctors are Moderation, Sunshine, Equanimity, Good Cheer, Fresh Air, Work!



LOVE, that curious
life stuff which
holds within itself the
spore of all mystic
possibilities; that
makes alive dull wits,
gives the coward
heart and warms into
being the sodden sen-
ses; that gives joy
and gratitude and
rest and hope and
peace; shall we not
call thee Divine?

Vol. XVIII

APRIL, 1906

No. 4

Little Journeys
To Homes of Great Lovers
BY ELBERT HUBBARD

*I would hold my friend only by the virtue
that is in me—by the attraction of the
worth that is in my soul ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀*

JOHN STUART MILL
AND
HARRIET TAYLOR

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Little Journeys for 1906

By ELBERT HUBBARD

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- 1 Josiah and Sarah Wedgwood
 - 2 William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft
 - 3 Dante and Beatrice
 - 4 John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor
 - 5 Parnell and Kitty O'Shea
 - 6 Petrarch and Laura
 - 7 Dante Gabriel Rossetti & Elizabeth Siddall
 - 8 Balzac and Madame Hanska
 - 9 Fenelon and Madame Guyon
 - 10 Ferdinand Lassalle & Helene von Donniges
 - 11 Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet
 - 12 Robert Louis Stevenson & Fanny Osbourne
-

TEN YEARS OF THE PHILISTINE

An Index & Concordance

OF VOLUMES I TO XX

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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of
GREAT LOVERS

*John Stuart Mill
and Harriet Taylor*



Written by Elbert Hubbard and
done into Book Form by *The
Roycrofters* at their *Shop*, at
East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

A. D. MCMVI

**JOHN STUART MILL
AND HARRIET TAYLOR**

TO the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspire and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful examination, which they are now never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom.

Dedication to "ON LIBERTY," By JOHN STUART MILL

JOHN STUART MILL AND HARRIET TAYLOR



SO this then is the love story of John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor, who first met in the year 1830. He was twenty-five, and a clerk in the East India House. She was twenty-three and happily married to a man with a double chin.

They saw each other for the first time at Mrs. Taylor's house, at a function given in honor of a Right Honorable Nobody from Essex. The Right Honorable has gone down into the dust of forgetfulness, his very name lost to us, like unto that of the man who fired the Alexandrian Library.

All we know is that he served as a pivotal point in the lives of two great people, and then passed on, unwittingly, into the obscurity from whence he came.

On this occasion the Right Honorable read an original paper on an Important Subject. Mrs. Taylor often gave receptions to eminent and learned personages because her heart was a-hungered to know and to become, and she vainly thought that the society of learned people would satisfy her soul.

She was young.

She was also impulsive, vivacious, ambitious, and John Stuart Mill says was rarely beautiful, but she was n't.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder ☞ All things are comparative, and John Stuart Mill regarded Mrs.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Taylor from the first night he saw her as the standard of feminine perfection. All women scaled down as they varied from her. As an actual fact, her features were rather plain, mouth and nose large, cheek-bones in evidence and one eye was much more open than the other, and this gave people who did not especially like her, excuse for saying that her eyes were not mates. As for John Stuart Mill he used, at times, to refer to the wide open orb as her "critical eye."

Yet these eyes were lustrous, direct and honest, and tokened the rare quality of mental concentration. Her head was square and long, and had corners. She carried the crown of her head high, and her chin in.

We need not dally with old Mr. Taylor here—for us he was only Mrs. Taylor's husband, a kind of useful marital appendendum. He was a merchant on 'Change, with interests in argosies that plied to Tripoli—successful, busy, absorbed, with a twinge of gout, and a habit of taking naps after dinner with a newspaper over his face. Moreover he was an Oxford man, and this was his chief recommendation to the eighteen-year-old-girl, when she had married him four years before ☪ ☪

But education to him was now only a reminiscence. He had sloughed the old Greek spirit as a bird moults its feathers, with a difference, that a bird moults its feathers because it is growing a better crop, and Mr. Taylor was n't growing anything but a lust after L. S. D. ☪ Once in two years there was an excursion to Oxford to attend a reunion of a Greek letter society, and per-

haps twice in the winter certain ancient cronies came, drank musty ale, and smoked long clay pipes, and sang college songs in cracked falsetto.

Mrs. Taylor was ashamed of them—disappointed—was this the college spirit of which she had read so much? The old cronies leered at her as she came in to light the candles—they leered at her; and the one seated next to her husband poked that fortunate gentleman in the ribs and congratulated him on his matrimonial estate.

Yet Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were happy, or reasonably so. He took much pride in her intellect, indulged her in all material things she wanted, and never thwarted her little ambitions to give functions to great men who came up from the provinces.

She organized a Literary Coterie to meet every Saturday and study Mary Wollstonecraft's book on the "Rights of Women." Occasionally she sat in the visitors' gallery at Parliament, but behind the screen. And constantly she wrote out her thoughts on the themes of the time. Her husband never regarded these things as proof that she was inwardly miserable, unsatisfied, and in spirit was roaming the universe seeking a panacea for soul-nostalgia—not he!

Nor she.

And so she gave the function to the Right Honorable Nobody from Essex. And among thirty or forty other people, was one John Stuart Mill, son of the eminent James Mill, historian and philosopher, also Head Examiner of the East India House. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor

LITTLE JOURNEYS

had made out the list of people together, choosing those whom they thought had sufficient phosphorus so they would enjoy meeting a great theological meteoric personality from Essex.

Mr. Taylor had seen young Mr. Mill in the East India House where young Mr. Mill made out invoices with big seals on them. Mr. Taylor had said to Mr. Mill that it was a fine day, to which proposition Mr. Mill agreed ☺ ☺

The Honorable James Mill was invited too, but could not come, as he was President of The Land Tenure League, and a meeting was on for the same night.

Mr. Taylor introduced to the company the eminent visitor from Essex—they had been chums together at Oxford—and then Mr. Taylor withdrew into a quiet corner and enjoyed a nap as the manuscript was being read in sonorous orotund.

The subject was, “The Proper Sphere of Woman in the Social Cosmogony.”

By chance Mrs. Taylor and John Stuart Mill sat next to each other.

The speaker moved with stately tread through his firstly to his seventhly, and then proceeded to sum up.

¶ The argument was that of St. Paul amplified, “Let woman learn in subjection”—“For the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is also the head of the Church.”—“God made woman for a helpmeet to man,” etc.

Mrs. Taylor looked at young Mr. Mill, and Mr. Mill looked at Mrs. Taylor. They were both thinking hard

and without a word spoken they agreed with each other on this, that the speaker had no message.

¶ Young Mr. Mill noted that one of Mrs. Taylor's eyes was much wider open than the other, and that her head had corners. She seemed much beyond him in years and experience, although actually she was two years younger—a fact he did not then know.

“Does not a woman need a helpmeet, too?” she wrote on the fly leaf of a book she held in her lap.

And young Mr. Mill took the book and wrote beneath in a copper-plate East India hand—“I do not know what a woman needs; but I think the speaker needs a helpmeet.”

And then Mrs. Taylor wrote “All help must be mutual. No man can help a woman unless she helps him—the benefit of help lies as much in the giving as in the receiving.”

After the function Mrs. Taylor asked Mr. Mill to call. It is quite likely that on the same occasion she asked a good many of the other guests to call.

Mr. Mill called the next evening.



LITTLE JOURNEYS



JOHN STUART MILL was not a university man—he was an intellectual cosset—and educated in a way that made the English pedagogues stand aghast. Probably thousands of parents said, “Go to! we will educate our own children,” and went at their boys in the same way that James Mill treated his son, but the world has produced only one John Stuart Mill.

Axtell, the trotter, in his day, held both the two-year-old and three-year-old records. He was driven in harness from the time he was weaned, and was given work that would have cocked the ankles and sent old horses over on their knees. But Axtell stood the test and grew strong.

Certain horsemen, seeing the success of Axtell tried his driver's plan, and one millionaire I know ruined a thousand colts and never produced a single race-horse by religiously following the plan upon which Axtell thrived.

The father of John Stuart Mill would now be considered one of England's great thinkers, had he not been so unfortunate as to be thrown completely in the shadow by his son. As it is, James Mill lives in history as the man who insisted that his baby three years old should be taught the Greek alphabet. When five years old this baby spoke with an Attic accent, and corrected his elders who dropped the aspirate. With unconscious irony John Stuart Mill wrote in his autobiography,

I learned no Latin until my eighth year, at which time however, I was familiar with Aesop's Fables, most of the Anabasis, the Memorabilia of Xenophon, & the Lives of Philosophers by Diogenes Lærtius, part of Lucian, and the Ad Demonicum and Ad Nicoclem of Isocrates." Besides these he had also read all of Plato, Plutarch, Gibbon, Hume and Rollin and was formulating in his own mind a philosophy of history.

Whether these things "educated" the boy or not will always remain an unsettled question for debating societies. But that he learned and grew through the constant association with his father there is no doubt. Wherever the father went the boy trotted along, a pad of paper in one hand and pencil in the other, always making notes, always asking questions and always answering propositions.

The long out-of-door walks doubtless saved him from death. He never had a childhood, and if he ever had a mother, the books are silent concerning her. He must have been an incubator baby, or else been found under a cabbage leaf. James Mill treated his wife as if her office and opinions were too insignificant to seriously consider—she was only an unimportant incident in his life. James Mill was the typical beef-eating Englishman described by Taine.

According to Dr. Bain's most interesting little book on John Stuart Mill, the youth at nine was appointed to supervise the education of the rest of the family, "a position more pleasing to his vanity than helpful to his manners."

LITTLE JOURNEYS

That he was a beautiful prig at this time goes without saying. The scaffolding of learning he mistook for the edifice, a fallacy borrowed from his father.

At fourteen he knew as much as his father, and acknowledged it. He was then sent to France to study the science of government under Sir Samuel Bentham.

¶ His father's intent was that he should study law, and in his own mind was the strong conviction that he was set apart, and his life sacred to the service of humanity.

A year at the study of law, and more or less association with barristers, relieved him of the hallucination that a lawyer's life is consecrated to justice and the rights of man—quips, quirks and quilllets were not to his taste.

James Mill held the office of Chief Examiner in the East India House, at a salary equal to seven thousand, five hundred dollars a year. The gifted son was now nineteen, and at work as a junior clerk under his father at twenty pounds a year.

Before the year was up he was promoted, and when he was twenty-one his salary was one hundred pounds a year.

There are people who will say, "Of course his father pushed him along." But the fact that after his father's death he was promoted by the Directors to Head of the Office disposes of all suspicion of favoritism.

The management of the East India Company was really a matter of statesmanship, and the direct, methodical and practical mind of Mill fitted him for the

place. ¶ Thomas Carlyle, writing to his wife in Scotland in 1831, said, "This young Mill, I fancy and hope, is a being one can love. A slender, rather tallish and elegant youth, with Roman-nosed face, earnestly smiling blue eyes, modest, remarkably gifted, great precision of utterance, calm—a distinctly amiable and able youth." ❖ ❖

So now behold him at twenty-five, a student and scholarly recluse, delving all day in accounts and dispatches, grubbing in books at night, and walking an hour before sunrise in the park every morning. It was about then that he accepted the invitation of Mrs. Taylor to call.

I do not find that James Mill ever disputed the proposition that women have souls—he evidently considered the matter quite beyond argument—they hadn't. His son, at this time, was of a like opinion.

John Stuart Mill had not gone into society and women to him were simply undeveloped men, to be treated kindly and indulgently. As mental companions, the idea was unthinkable. And love was entirely out of his orbit—all of his energies had been worked up into great thoughts. Dr. Bain says that at twenty-five John Stuart Mill was as ignorant of sex as a girl of ten.

He called on Mrs. Taylor because she had pleased him when she said, "The person who helps another gets as much benefit out of the transaction as the one who is helped."

This was a thought worth while. Perhaps Mrs. Taylor had borrowed the idea. But anyway it was something

to repeat it. He revolved it over in his mind all day, off and on. "To help another is to help yourself. A helpmeet must grow by the exercise of being useful. Therefore a woman grows as her husband grows—she cannot stand still if she puts forth intelligent effort. All help is mutual."

"One eye was wider than the other—her head had corners—she carried her chin in!"

John Stuart Mill wished the day would not drag so,—after supper he would go and call on Mrs. Taylor and ask her to explain what she meant by all help being mutual—it was a trifle paradoxical!

The Taylors were just finishing tea when young Mr. Mill called. They were surprised and delighted to see him. He was a bit abashed and could not quite remember what it was he wanted to ask Mrs. Taylor, but he finally got around to something else just as good.

¶ Mrs. Taylor had written an article on the "Subjugation of Women"—would Mr. Mill take it home with him and read it, or would he like to hear her read a little of it now?

Mr. Mill's fine face revealed his delight at the prospect of being read to. So Mrs. Taylor read a little aloud to Mr. Mill, while Mr. Taylor took a much needed nap in the corner.

In a few days Mr. Mill called to return Mrs. Taylor's manuscript and leave a little essay he himself had written on a similar theme.

Mr. Taylor was greatly pleased at this fine friendship that had sprung up between his gifted wife and young

Mr. Mill—Mrs. Taylor was so much improved in health, so much more buoyant!

Thursday night soon became sacred at the Taylors to Mr. Mill, and Sunday he always took dinner with them ☉ ☉

Goldwin Smith, a trifle grumpy, with a fine forgetfulness as to the saltiness of time, says that young Mr. Mill had been kept such a recluse that when he met Mrs. Taylor he considered that he was the first man to discover the potency of sex, and that he thought his experience was unique in the history of mankind.

¶ Perhaps love does make a fool of a man—I really cannot say. If so, then John Stuart Mill never recovered his sanity. Suppose we let John speak for himself—I quote from his Autobiography:

It was at the period of my mental progress which I have now reached that I formed the friendship which has been the honour and chief blessing of my existence, as well as the source of a great part of all that I have attempted to do, or hope to effect hereafter, for human improvement. My first introduction to the lady who, after a friendship of twenty years, consented to become my wife, was in 1830, when I was in my twenty-fifth and she in her twenty-third year.

¶ VERY soon felt her to be the most admirable person I had ever known. It is not to be supposed that she was, or that any one, at the age at which I first saw her, could be, all that she became afterwards. Least of all could this be true of her, with whom self-improvement, progress in the highest and in all senses, was a law of her nature; a necessity equally

LITTLE JOURNEYS

from the ardour with which she sought it, and from the spontaneous tendency of faculties which could not receive an impression or an experience without making it the source or the occasion of an accession of wisdom.

IN her, complete emancipation from every kind of superstition (including that which attributes a pretended perfection to the order of nature & the universe) and an earnest protest against many things which are still part of the established constitution of society, resulted not from the intellect, but from strength, a noble and elevated feeling, and co-existent with a highly reverential nature. In general spiritual characteristics, as well as in temperament and organization, I have often compared her, as she was at that time, to Shelley: but in thought and intellect, Shelley, so far as his powers were developed in his short life, was but a child compared with what she ultimately became. Alike in the highest regions of speculation and in the smaller practical concerns of daily life, her mind was the same perfect instrument, piercing to the heart and marrow of the matter; always seizing the essential idea or principle. The same exactness and rapidity of operation, pervading as it did her sensitive as well as her mental qualities, would with her gifts of feeling and imagination, have fitted her for a consummate artist, as her fiery and tender soul and her vigorous eloquence would certainly have made her a great orator. And her profound knowledge of human nature and discernment and sagacity in practical life, would, in the times when such a career was open to women, have made her eminent among the rulers of mankind. Her intellectual gifts did but minister to a moral character at once the noblest and the best balanced which I have ever met with in my life. Her unselfishness

was not that of a taught system of duties but of a heart which thoroughly identified itself with the feelings of others, and often went to excess in consideration for them by imaginatively investing their feelings with the intensity of her own.

The passion of justice might have been thought to be her strongest feeling, but for her boundless generosity, and a lovingness ever ready to pour itself forth upon any or all human beings who were capable of giving the smallest feeling in return. The rest of her moral characteristics were such as naturally accompany these qualities of mind and heart: the most genuine modesty combined with the loftiest pride; a simplicity and sincerity which were absolute, towards all who were fit to receive them; the utmost scorn for whatever was mean and cowardly, and a burning indignation at everything brutal or tyrannical, faithless or dishonorable in conduct and character, while making the broadest distinction between mala in se and mere mala prohibita—between acts giving evidence of intrinsic badness in feeling and character, and those which are only violations of conventions either good or bad, violations which whether in themselves right or wrong, are capable of being committed by persons in every other respect lovable and admirable.

To be admitted into any degree of mental intercourse with a being of these qualities, could not but have a most beneficial influence on my development; though the effect was only gradual, and several years elapsed before her mental progress and mine went forward in the complete companionship they at last attained. The benefit I received was far greater than any which I could hope to give; though to her, who had at first reached her opinions by the moral intuition of a character of strong feeling, there was doubtless help as well as encouragement to be derived from one who

LITTLE JOURNEYS

had arrived at many of the same results by study and reasoning : & in the rapidity of her intellectual growth, her mental activity, which converted everything into knowledge, doubtless drew from me, as it did from other sources, many of its materials. What I owe, even intellectually, to her, is in its detail, almost infinite ; of its general character a few words will give some, though a very imperfect idea.



With those who, like the best and wisest of mankind, are dissatisfied with human life as it is, and whose feelings are wholly identified with its radical amendment, there are two main regions of thought. One is the region of ultimate aims : the constituent elements of the highest realizable ideal of human life. The other is that of the immediately useful and practically attainable. In both these departments, I have acquired more from her teaching, than from all other sources taken together. And, to say truth, it is in these two extremes principally, that real certainty lies. My own strength lay wholly in the uncertain and slippery intermediate region, that of theory, or moral and political science ; respecting the conclusions of which, in any of the forms in which I have received or originated them, whether as political economy, analytic psychology, logic, philosophy or history, or anything else, it is not the least of my intellectual obligations to her that I have derived from her a wise skepticism, which, while it has not hindered me from following out the honest exercise of my thinking faculties to whatever conclusions might result from it, has put me on my guard against holding or announcing these conclusions with a degree of confidence which the nature of such speculations does not warrant, and has kept my mind not only open to admit, but prompt to welcome and eager to seek even on the questions on which I have most meditated, any prospect of clearer perceptions and

better evidence. I have often received praise, which in my own right I only partially deserve, for the greater practicality that is supposed to be found in my writings, compared with those of most thinkers who have been equally addicted to large generalizations. The writings in which this quality has been observed, were not the work of one mind, but of the fusion of two, one of them as pre-eminently practical in its judgments and perceptions of things present, as it was high and bold in its anticipations for a remote futurity.



THE social functions at the Taylor home became less frequent, & finally ceased. Women looked upon the friendship of John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor with resentment and a tinge of jealousy. Men lifted an eyebrow and called it "equivocal"—to use the phrase of Clement Shorter.

"The plan of having a husband and also a lover is not without precedent," said Disraeli in mock apology, and took snuff solemnly.

Meantime manuscripts were traveling back and forth between the East India House and the Taylor residence  

John Stuart Mill was contributing essays to the magazines that made the thinkers think. He took a position opposed to his father and maintained the vast importance of the sentiments and feelings in making up the sum of human lives. When Mill was mentioned,

LITTLE JOURNEYS

people asked which one. ¶ The Carlyles, at first very proud of the acquaintanceship of Mill, dropped him. Then he dropped them. Years after the genial Tammas writing to his brother John confirmed his opinion of Mill, "after Mill took up with that Taylor woman." Says Tammas, "You have lost nothing by missing the Autobiography of Mill. I never read a more uninteresting book, nor should I say a sillier."

James Mill protested vehemently against his son visiting at the Taylors, and even threatened the young man with the loss of his position, but John Stuart made no answer. The days John did not see Harriet he wrote her a letter and she wrote him one.

To protect himself in his position, John now ceased to do any literary work or write any personal letters at the office. While there he attended to business and nothing else. In the early morning he wrote or walked. Evenings he devoted to Mrs. Taylor—either writing to her or for her, or else seeing her. On Saturday afternoons they would usually go botanizing, for botany is purely a lover's invention.

Old acquaintances who wanted to see Mill had to go to the East India House, and there they got just five minutes of his dignified presence. Dr. Bain complains, "I could no longer get him to walk with me in the park—he had reduced life to a system, and the old friends were shelved and pigeon-holed."

When Mill was thirty his salary was raised to five hundred pounds a year. His father died the same year, and his brothers and sisters discarded him. His liter-

ary fame had grown, and he was editor of the London "Review." The pedantry of youth had disappeared—practical business had sobered him, and love had relieved him of his idolatry for books. Heart now meant more to him than art. His plea was for liberty, national and individual. The modesty, gentleness and dignity of the man made his presence felt wherever he went. A contemporary said, "His features were refined and regular—the nose straight and finely shaped, his lips thin and compressed—the face and body seemed to represent the inflexibility of the inner man. His whole aspect was one of high and noble achievement—invincible purpose, iron will, unflinching self-oblivion—a world's umpire!"

Mill felt that life was such a precious heritage that we should be jealous of every moment, he shut himself in from every disturbing feature. All that he wrote he submitted to Mrs. Taylor—she corrected, amended, revised. She read for him, and spent long hours at the British Museum in research work, while he did the business of the East India Company.

When his "Logic" was published in 1840, he had known Mrs. Taylor for nine years. That she had a considerable hand in this comprehensive work there is no doubt. The book placed Mill upon the very pinnacle of fame. John Morley declared him "England's foremost thinker," a title to which Gladstone added the weight of his endorsement, a thing we would hardly expect from an ardent churchman, since Mill was always an avowed free-thinker, and once declared in

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Gladstone's presence, "I am one of the few men in England who have not abandoned their religious beliefs, because I never had any."

Justin McCarthy says in his reminiscences, "A wiser and more virtuous man than Mill I never knew nor expect to know; and yet I have had the good fortune to know many wise and virtuous men. I never knew any man of really great intellect, who carried less of the ways of ordinary greatness about him. There was an added charm to the very shyness of his manner when one remembers how fearless he was, if the occasion called for fortitude or courage."

After the publication of the "Logic," Mill was too big a man for the public to lose sight of. He went his simple way, but to escape being pointed out kept from all crowds, and public functions were to him tabu.

When Mrs. Taylor gave birth to a baby girl, an obscure London newspaper printed, "A Malthusian Warning to the East India Company," which no doubt reflected a certain phase of public interest, but Mill continued his serene way undisturbed.

To this baby girl, Helen Taylor, Mill was always most devotedly attached. As she grew into childhood he taught her botany, and people who wanted a glimpse of Mill were advised to "look for him with a flax-haired little sprite of a girl any Saturday afternoon on Hampton Heath."

Mr. Taylor died in July, 1849, and in April, 1851, Mrs. Taylor and Mill were quietly married. The announcement of the marriage sent a small spasm over literary

England, and set the garrulous tongues a-wagging. ¶ George Mill, a brother to John Stuart, with unconscious humor placed himself on record thus, "Mrs. Taylor was never to anybody else what she was to John." ¶

Bishop Spalding once wrote out this strange, solemn, emasculate proposition, "Mill's Autobiography contains proof that a soul, with an infinite craving for God, not finding Him, will worship anything—a woman, a memory!"

This almost makes one think that the good Bishop was paraphrasing and reversing Voltaire's remark, "When a woman no longer finds herself acceptable to man she turns to God."

What the world thought of Mill's wife is not vital—what he thought of her, certainly was. I quote from the Autobiography, which Edward Everett Hale calls "two lives in one—written by one of them:"

Between the time of which I have now spoken, and the present, took place the most important events of my life. ¶ The first of these was my marriage to the lady whose incomparable worth had made her friendship the greatest source to me both of happiness and of improvement. For seven and a half years that blessing was mine; for seven and a half only! I can say nothing which could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was, and is. But because I know that she would have wished it, I endeavor to make the best of what life I have left, and to work on for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from the thoughts of her, and communion with her memory.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

When two persons have their thoughts and speculations completely in common; when all subjects of intellectual and moral interests are discussed between them in daily life, and probed to much greater depths than are usually or conveniently sounded in writings intended for general readers; when they set out from the same principles, and arrive at their conclusions by processes pursued jointly, it is of little consequence in respect to the question of originality, which of them holds the pen; the one who contributes the least to the composition may contribute most to the thought; the writings which result are the joint product of both, and it must often be impossible to disentangle their respective parts, and affirm that this belongs to one and that to the other. In this wide sense, not only during the years of our married life, but during many of the years of confidential friendship which preceded, all my published writings were as much her work as mine; her share in them constantly increasing as years advanced. But in certain cases, what belongs to her can be distinguished and specially identified. Over and above the general influence which her mind had over mine, the most valuable ideas and features in these joint productions—those which have been most fruitful of important results, and have contributed most to the success and reputation of the works themselves—originated with her, were emanations from her mind, my part of them being no greater than in any of the thoughts which I found in previous writers, and made my own only by incorporating them with my own system of thought. During the greater part of my literary life I have performed the office in relation to her, which from a rather early period I had considered as the most useful part that I was qualified to take in the domain of thought, that of an interpreter of original thinkers, and mediator between them and the public.

THUS prepared, it will easily be believed that when I came into close intellectual communion with a person of the most eminent faculties, whose genius, as it grew and unfolded itself in thought, continually struck out truths far in advance of me, but in which I could not, as I had done in those others, detect any mixture of error, the greatest part of my mental growth consisted in the assimilation of those truths, & the most valuable part of my intellectual work was in building the bridges & clearing the paths which connected them with my general system of thought.

The steps in my mental growth for which I was indebted to her were far from being those which a person wholly uninformed on the subject would probably suspect. It might be supposed, for instance, that my strong convictions on the complete equality in all legal, political, social and domestic relations, which ought to exist between men and women, may have been adopted or learnt from her. This was so far from being the fact, that those convictions were among the earliest results of the application of my mind to political subjects, and the strength with which I held them was, as I believe, more than anything else, the originating cause of the interest she felt in me. What is true is, that until I knew her, the opinion was in my mind, little more than an abstract principle. I saw no more reason why women should be held in legal subjection to other people, than why men should. I was certain that their interests required fully as much protection as those of men, and were quite as little likely to obtain it without an equal voice in making the laws by which they were to be bound. But that perception of the vast practical bearings of women's disabilities which found expression in the book on the "Subjection of Women" was acquired mainly through her teaching. But for her rare knowledge of human nature and comprehension

LITTLE JOURNEYS

of moral and social influences, though I doubtless should have held my present opinions, I should have had a very insufficient perception of the mode in which the consequences of the inferior position of women intertwine themselves with all the evils of existing society and with all the difficulties of human improvement. I am indeed painfully conscious of how much of her best thoughts on the subject I have failed to reproduce, and how greatly that little treatise falls short of what would have been if she had put on paper her entire mind on the question, or had lived to devise and improve, as she certainly would have done, my imperfect statement of the case.

The first of my books in which her share was conspicuous was the "Principles of Political Economy." The "System of Logic" owed little to her except in the minute matters of composition, in which respect my writings both great and small have largely benefited by her accurate and clear-sighted criticism. The chapter of the "Political Economy" which has had a greater influence on opinion than all the rest, that on "The Probable Future of the Laboring Classes," is entirely due to her: in the first draft of the book, that chapter did not exist. She pointed out the need of a chapter, and the extreme imperfection of the book without it: she was the cause of my writing it; and the more general part of the chapter, the statement and discussion of the two opposite theories respecting the proper condition of the laboring classes, was wholly an exposition of her thoughts, often in words taken from her own lips. The purely scientific part of the "Political Economy" I did not learn from her; but it was chiefly her influence that gave to the book that general tone by which it is distinguished from all previous expositions of "Political Economy" that had any pretension to being scientific, and which has made it so

useful to conciliating minds which those previous expositions had repelled.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

WHAT was abstract and purely scientific was generally mine; the properly human element came from her: in all that concerned the application of philosophy to the exigencies of human society and progress, I was her pupil, alike in boldness of speculation and cautiousness of practical judgment. For, on the one hand, I was much more courageous and far-sighted than without her I should have been, in anticipation of an order of things to come, in which many of the limited generalizations now so often confounded with universal principles will cease to be applicable. Those parts of my writings, and especially of the "Political Economy," which contemplate possibilities in the future such as, when affirmed by socialists, have in general been fiercely denied by political economists, would, but for her, either have been absent, or the suggestions would have been made much more timidly and in a more qualified form. But while she thus rendered me bolder in speculation on human affairs, her practical turn of mind, and her almost unerring estimate of practical obstacles, repressed in me all tendencies that were really visionary. Her mind invested all ideas in a concrete shape, and formed itself a conception of how they would actually work: and her knowledge of the existing feelings and conduct of mankind was so seldom at fault, that the weak point in any unworkable suggestion seldom escaped her.

DURING the two years which immediately preceded the cessation of my official life, my wife and I were working together at the "Liberty." I had first planned and written it as a short essay in 1854. None of my writings have been either so carefully

LITTLE JOURNEYS

composed, or so sedulously corrected as this. After it had been written as usual, twice over, we kept it by us, bringing it out from time to time, and going through it de novo, reading, weighing, and criticising every sentence. Its final revision was to have been a work of the winter of 1858-9, the first after my retirement, which we had arranged to pass in the South of Europe. That hope and every other were frustrated by the most unexpected and bitter calamity of her death—at Avignon, on our way to Montpillier, from a sudden attack of pulmonary congestion.

Since then I have sought for such alleviation as my state admitted of, by the mode of life which most enabled me to feel her still near me. I bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she is buried, and there her daughter (my fellow-sufferer and now my chief comfort) and I, live constantly during a great portion of the year. My objects in life are solely those which were hers; my pursuits and occupations those in which she shared, or sympathized, and which are indissolubly associated with her. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life.

After my irreparable loss, one of my earliest cares was to print and publish the treatise, so much of which was the work of her whom I had lost, and consecrate it to her memory. I have made no alterations or addition to it, nor shall I ever. Though it wants the last touch of her hand, no substitute for that touch shall ever be attempted by mine.

The "Liberty" was more directly and literally our joint production than anything else which bears my name, for there was not a sentence of it which was not several times gone through by us together, turned over in many ways, and carefully weeded of any faults,

either in thought or expression, that we detected in it. It is in consequence of this that, although it never underwent her final revision, it far surpasses, as a mere specimen of composition, anything which has proceeded from me either before or since. With regard to the thoughts, it is difficult to identify any particular part or element as being more hers than all the rest. The whole mood of thinking, of which the book was the expression, was emphatically hers. But I also was so thoroughly imbued with it, that the same thoughts naturally occurred to us both. That I was thus penetrated with it, however, I owe in a great degree to her. There was a moment in my mental progress when I might easily have fallen into a tendency towards over-government, both social and political; as there was also a moment when, by reaction from a contrary excess, I might have become a less thorough radical and democrat than I am. In both these points, as in many others, she benefited me as much by keeping me right where I was right, as by leading me to new truths, and ridding me of errors.



MRS. MILL died suddenly, at Avignon, France, while on a journey with Mr. Mill. There she was buried. The stricken husband and daughter rented a cottage in the village, to be near the grave of the beloved dead. They intended to remain only a few weeks, but after a year they concluded they could "never be content to go away and leave the

LITTLE JOURNEYS

spot consecrated by her death," unlike Robert Browning, who left Florence forever on the death of his wife, not having the inclination or fortitude to even visit her grave ☞ ☞

Mill finally bought the Avignon cottage, refitted it, brought over from England all of his books and intimate belongings, and Avignon was his home for fifteen years—the rest of his life.

Mill always referred to Helen Taylor as "my wife's daughter," and the daughter called him "Pater." The love between these two was most tender and beautiful. The man surely could never have survived the shock of his wife's death had it not been for Helen. She it was who fitted up the cottage, and went to England bringing over his books, manuscripts and papers, luring him on to live by many little devices of her ready wit. She built a portico all around the cottage, and in winter this was enclosed in glass. Helen called it, "Father's semi-circumgyratory" and if he failed to pace this portico forty times backward and forward each forenoon, she would take him gently by the arm and firmly insist that he should fill the prescription. They resumed their studies of botany and Helen organized classes who accompanied them on their little excursions.

In 1865, Mill was induced to stand for Parliament for Westminster. The move was made by London friends in the hope of winning him back to England. He agreed to the proposition on condition that he should not be called upon to canvass for votes or take any part in the campaign ☞ ☞

He was elected by a safe majority, and proved a power for good in the House of Commons. The Speaker once remarked, "The presence of Mr. Mill in this body I perceive has elevated the tone of debate." This sounds like the remark of Wendell Phillips when dogmatism was hot on the heels of the Sage of Concord, "If Emerson goes to hell his presence there will surely change the climate."

Yet when Mill ran for re-election he was defeated, it having leaked out that he was an "infidel," since he upheld Charles Bradlaugh in his position that the affirmation of a man who does not believe in the Bible should be accepted as freely as the oath of one who does. In passing it is worth while to note that the courts of Christendom have now accepted the view of Bradlaugh and of Mill on this point.

The best resume of Mill's philosophy is to be found in Taine's "English Literature," a fact to which Mill himself attested.

The dedication of "On Liberty," printed as a preface to this "Journey," rivals in worth the wonderful little classic of Ernest Renan to his sister, Henriette.

Mill died at Avignon in 1873, his last days soothed by the tender ministrations of the daughter Helen. His body, according to his wish, was buried in his wife's grave, and so the dust of the lovers lies mingled.

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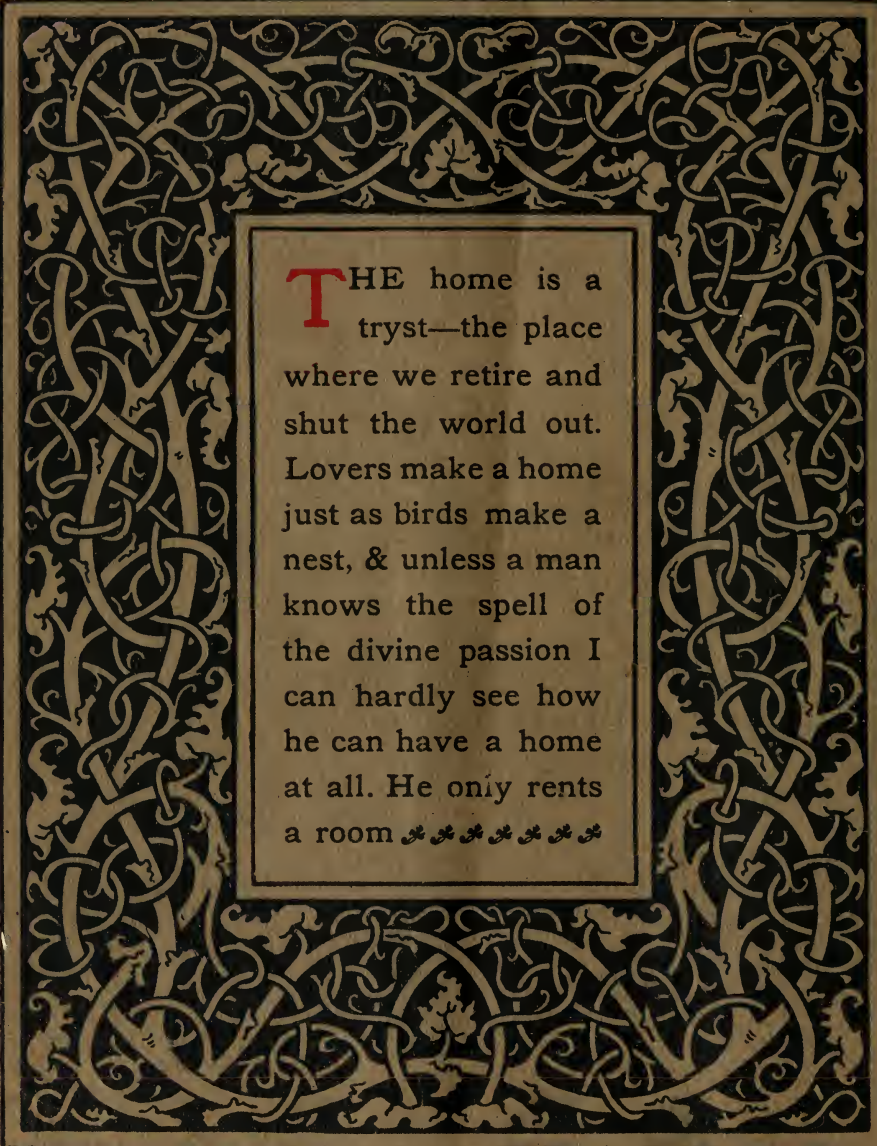
Beside the single rooms there are sixteen suites, consisting of an inside dressing-room or parlor, an out-of-door veranda sleeping-room and a bathroom. These suites are furnished in oak, ash, cherry, curly maple and mahogany, the furniture in each room having been made to match the woodwork.

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tryst—the place
where we retire and
shut the world out.
Lovers make a home
just as birds make a
nest, & unless a man
knows the spell of
the divine passion I
can hardly see how
he can have a home
at all. He only rents
a room ❀❀❀❀❀❀

Vol. XVIII

MAY, 1906

No. 5

Little Journeys To Homes of Great Lovers

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

The reformer is a savior or a rebel, all depending largely upon whether he succeeds or fails. He is what he is regardless of what men think of him.

PARNELL

AND

KITTY O'SHEA

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By ELBERT HUBBARD

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 - 3 Dante and Beatrice
 - 4 John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor
 - 5 Parnell and Kitty O'Shea
 - 6 Petrarch and Laura
 - 7 Dante Gabriel Rossetti & Elizabeth Siddall
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LITTLE JOURNEYS

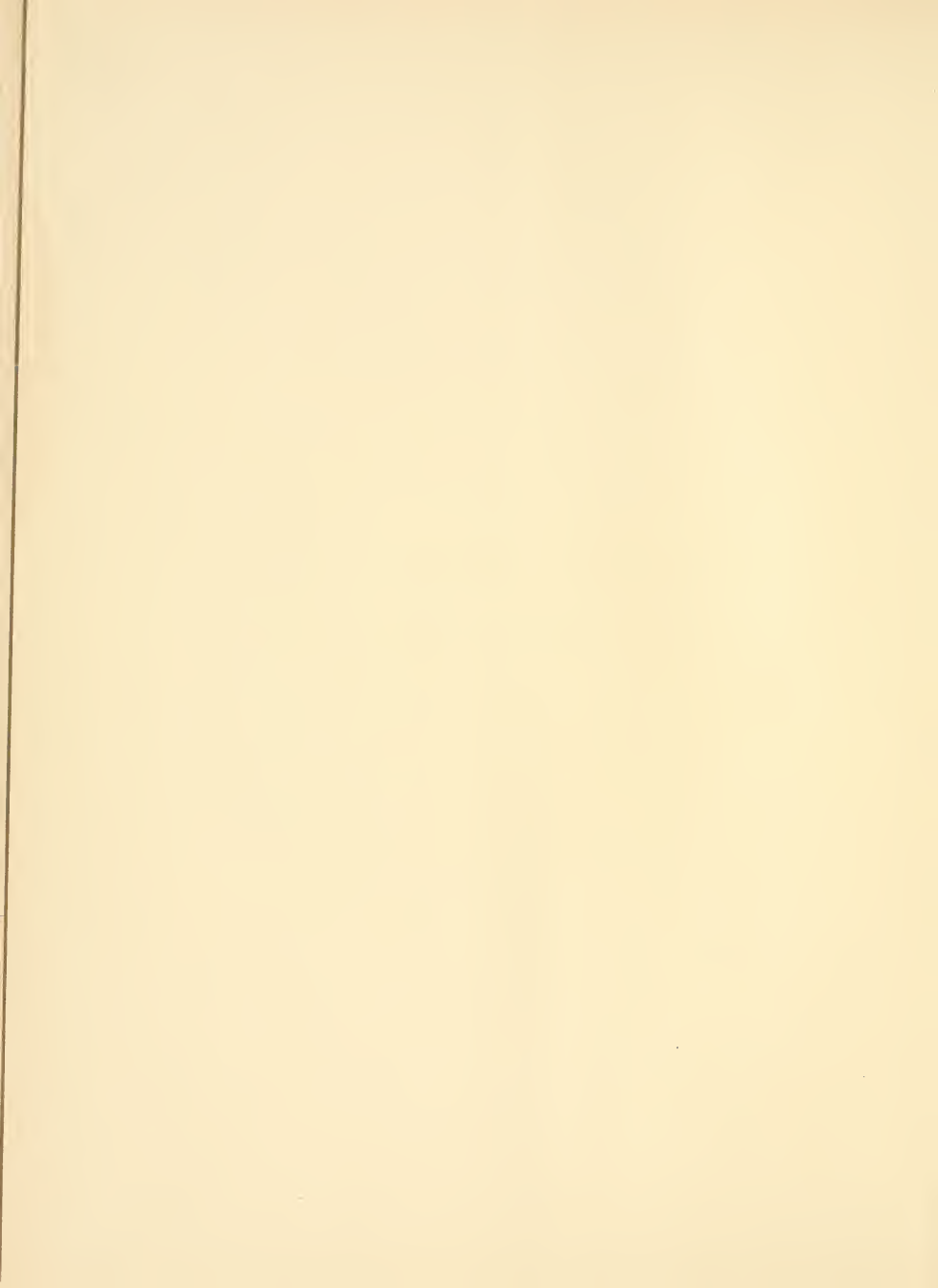
To the Homes of
GREAT LOVERS

*Charles Parnell
and Kitty O'Shea*



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East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

A. D. MCMVI



**PARNELL AND
KITTY O'SHEA**

FOR my own part I am confident as to the future of Ireland. Though the horizon may now seem cloudy, I believe her people will survive the present oppression, as they have survived many worse ones. Although our progress may be slow, it will be sure. The time will come when the people of England will admit once again that they have been mistaken and have been deceived—that they have been led astray as to the right way of governing a noble, a brave and an impulsive people.

—SPEECH OF PARNELL : in Parliament, 1886.



Charles Stewart Parnell

PARNELL AND KITTY O'SHEA



TWO hundred and fifty men own one-third of the acreage of Ireland. Two-thirds of Ireland is owned by two thousand men.

In every other civilized country will be found a large class of people known as peasant-proprietors, people who own small farms or a few acres which they call home. In Ireland we find seven hundred thousand tenant farmers, who with their families represent a population of over three million people. These people depend upon the land for their subsistence, but they are tenants-at-will. Four-fifths of the landowners of Ireland live in England.

Lord Dufferin, late Governor General of Canada, once said :

What is the spectacle presented to us by Ireland? It is that of millions of people, whose only occupation and dependence is agriculture, sinking their past & present and future on yearly tenancies. What is a yearly tenancy? Why it means that the owner of the land, at the end of any year, can turn the people born on the land, off from the land, tear down their houses and leave them starving at the mercy of the storm. It means terms no Christian man would offer, and none but a madman would accept.

The rents are fixed in cash, being proportioned according to the assessable value of the property. So if a tenant improves the estate, his rent is increased, and

LITTLE JOURNEYS

thus actually a penalty is placed on permanent improvements.

The tenant has no voice in the matter of rent—he must accept. And usually the rents have been fixed at a figure that covers the entire produce of the land. Then the landlord's agent collected all he could, and indulgently allowed the rest to hang over the tenant's head as a guarantee of good behavior.

Said Mr. Gladstone in Parliament, July 10th, 1879:

Forty-nine farmers out of fifty in Ireland are in arrears for rent, so it is legally possible to evict them at any time the landlord may so choose. And in the condition that now exists, an eviction is equal to a sentence of death.

At this time, when Gladstone made his speech just quoted, a bill was up in the House of Commons called "The Relief of Distress Bill." Simple people might at once assume that this relief bill was for the relief of the starving peasantry, but this is a hasty conclusion, ill-considered and quite absurd.

The "Relief Bill" was for the relief of the English landlords who owned land in Ireland. So the landlords would not be actually compelled to levy on the last potato and waylay the remittances sent from America, the English government proposed to loan money to the distressed landlords at three per cent, and this bill was passed without argument. And it was said that Lord Lansdowne, one of the poor landlords, turned a tidy penny by availing himself of the three per cent loan and letting the money out, straightway, at six to such

tenants as still had a few pigs to offer as collateral.

¶ The state of Iowa is nearly double the size of Ireland, and has, it is estimated, eleven times the productive capacity. A tithe of ten per cent on Iowa's corn crop would prevent at any time, a famine in Ireland.

In 1879, Illinois sent, through the agency of the Chicago Board of Trade, a ship-load of wheat, corn and pork to starving Ireland. T. P. O'Connor, who took an active part in the distribution of these humane gifts, said on the floor of the House of Commons that more than one instance had come to his notice where the Irish peasants had availed themselves of flour and meal, but the pork given them was taken by the landlords' agents, "because many Irish families had never acquired a taste for meat, the pigs they raised being sold to pay the rent."

Just here, lest any tender-hearted reader be tempted to tears on behalf of the Irish tenantry, I will quote an Irishman, a vegetarian first by force and then by habit—George Bernard Shaw :

The person to pity is the landlord and his incompetent family, and not the peasantry.

In Ireland, the absentee landlord is bitterly reproached for not administering his estate in person. It is pointed out, truly enough, that the absentee is a pure parasite upon the industry of his country. The indispensable minimum of attention to his estate is paid by his agent or solicitor, whose resistance to his purely parasitic activity is fortified by the fact that the estate belongs mostly to the mortgagees, and that the nominal landlord is so ignorant of his own affairs that he can do nothing but send begging letters to his agent.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

On these estates generations of peasants (and agents) live hard but bearable lives; whilst off them generations of ladies and gentlemen of good breeding and natural capacity are corrupted into drifters, wasters, drinkers, waiters-for-dead-men's-shoes, poor relations and social wreckage of all sorts, living aimless lives, and often dying squalid and tragic deaths.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL was born in County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1846. In that year there was starvation in Ireland. Thousands died from lack of food, just as they died in that other English possession, India, in 1901. Famished babes sucking at the withered breasts of dying mothers, were common sights seen on the public highways. **C** Iowa and Illinois had not then got a-going; the cable was to come, and the heart of Christian England was unpricked by public opinion. And all the time while famine was in progress, sheep, pigs and cattle were being shipped across the channel to England.

It was the famine of 1846 that started the immense tide of Irish immigration to America. And England fanned and favored this exodus, for it was very certain that there were too many mouths to feed in Ireland—half the number would not so jeopardize the beer and skittles of the landlords.

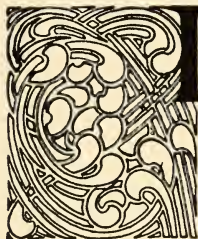
Parnell's father was a landed proprietor living in Ire-

land, but whose ancestors had originally come from England. The Parnell estate was not large, comparatively, but it was managed so as to give a very comfortable living for the landlord and his various tenants. The mother of Parnell was Delia Stewart, an American girl, daughter of Admiral Stewart of the United States Navy.

In that dread year of 1846, when the potato crop failed, the Parnells took no rent from their tenants, and Mrs. Parnell rode hundreds of miles in a jaunting-car distributing food and clothing among the needy. Doubtless there were a great many other landlords and agents just as generous as the Parnells, filled with the same humane spirit, but the absentee landlords were for the most part heedless, ignorant and indifferent to the true state of affairs.

Charles Parnell grew up a fine, studious, thoughtful boy. He prepared for college and took a turn of two years at Cambridge. He then returned to Ireland because his help was needed in looking after the estate, hence he never secured his degree. But he had the fine, eager, receptive mind that gathers gear as it goes. His mother was an educated woman, and educated mothers have educated children.

That is a very wise scheme of child-education—the education of the mother—a plan not fully accepted by civilization, but which will be when we become enlightened. From his mother's lips Charles learned the story of America's struggle for independence, and the rights of man was a subject ingrained in his character.



IRELAND is a country that has as near a perfect climate as we can imagine—topographically it is beautiful beyond compare, but here among the most entrancing of physical conditions existed a form of slavery not far removed from that which existed in the Southern States in 1860. It was a system inaugurated by men long dead, and which had become ossified upon both tenant and landlord—slave and slave-owner—by years of precedent, so neither party had the power to break the bonds.

In some ways it was worse than African slavery, for the material wants of the blacks were usually fairly well looked after. To be sure the Irish could run away and not be brought back in chains, but in 1876, a bill was introduced in Parliament restricting Irish immigration, and forbidding any tenant who was in debt to a landlord leaving the country without the landlord's consent. Had this bill not been bitterly opposed the Irish people would have been subject to peonage equal to absolute slavery. As young Parnell grew he was filled with but one theme—how to better the condition of his people.

In arousing public sentiment against the bill young Parnell found his oratorical wings.

Shortly after this he was elected to Parliament from County Meath. He was then twenty-seven years old. He had never shaved, and his full brown beard and serious, earnest, dignified manner, coupled with his

six-foot-two physique attracted instant attention. He wore a suit of gray Irish homespun, but the requirements of Parliament demanded black with a chimney-pot hat—the hat being always religiously worn in session, excepting when the member addresses the Chair—and to these Piccadilly requirements Parnell gracefully adjusted himself.

Parnell seemed filled with the idea, from the days of his youth, that he had a mission—he was to lead his people out of captivity. This oneness of purpose made itself felt in the House of Commons from his first entrance. All parliamentary bodies are swayed by a few persons—the working members are the exception. The horse-racing and cock-fighting contingent in the House of Commons is well represented; the bleary eyes, the poddy pudge, the bulbous beak—all these are in evidence. If one man out of ten knows what is going on, it is well; and this is equally true of Washington, for our representatives do not always represent us.

Parnell, although a fledgling in years when he entered the House of Commons, quickly took the measure of the members, and conceived for them a fine scorn, which some say he exhibited in italics and upper case. This was charged up against him to be paid for later at usurious interest.

Precedent provided that he should not open his Irish mouth during the entire first session; but he made his presence felt from the first day he entered the House.

¶ By a curious chance a Coercion Bill was up for discussion, there being always a few in stock. Some of

LITTLE JOURNEYS

the tenantry had refused to either pay or depart, and a move was on foot to use the English soldiery to evict the malcontents in a wholesale way. Joseph Biggar had the floor and declared the bill was really a move to steal Irish children and sell them into perpetual peonage. Biggar was talking against time, and the House groaned. Biggar was a rich merchant from Ulster, and he was a big man, although without oratorical ability or literary gifts. His heart was right, but he lacked mental synthesis. He knew little of history, nothing of political economy, despised precedents, had a beautiful disdain for all rules, and for all things English he held the views of Fuzzy Wuzzy whose home is in the Soudan. However, Biggar was shrewd and practical, and had a business sense that most of the members absolutely lacked. And moreover he was entirely without fear. Usually his face was wreathed in cherubic smiles. He had the sweetly paternal look of Horace Greeley, in disposition was just as stubborn, and like Horace, chewed tobacco.

The English opposed the Irish members and Biggar reciprocated the sentiment. They opposed everything he did, and it came about that he made it his particular business to block the channel for them.

"Why are you here," once exclaimed an exasperated member to Joseph Biggar.

"To rub you up, sir, to rub you up!" was the imperturbable reply. He shocked the House and succeeded in getting himself thoroughly hated by his constant reference to absentee landlords as "parasites" and

“cannibals.” And the fact that there were many absentee landlords in the House only urged him on to say things unseemly, irrelevant and often unprintable.

¶ And so Biggar was making a speech on the first day that Parnell took his seat. Biggar was sparring for time, fighting off a vote on the Coercion Bill. He had spoken for four hours, mostly in a voice inaudible, and had read from the London Directory, the Public Reports and the Blue Book, and had at last fallen back on Dr. Johnson’s Dictionary, when Parnell, in his simple honesty, interjected an explanation to dissolve a little of the Biggar mental calculi. Biggar, knowing Parnell, gave way, and Parnell rose to his feet. His finely modulated, low voice searched out the inmost corners of the room and every sentence he spoke contained an argument. He was talking on the one theme he knew best. Members came in from the cloak-rooms and the Chair forgot his mail: a man was speaking. Gladstone happened to be present, and while not at the time sympathizing with the intent of Parnell, was yet enough attracted to the young man to say, “There is the future Irish leader—the man has a definite policy, and a purpose that will be difficult to oppose.”

¶ In January, 1880, at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, New York, I attended the first meeting of the American Branch of the Irish Land League. I was a cub reporter, with no definite ideas about Parnell or Irish affairs, and as at that time I had not been born again, I had a fine indifference for humanity across the sea. To send such a woolly proposition to report

**LITTLE
JOURNEYS**

Parnell was the work of a cockney editor, born with a moral squint, within sound of Bow Bells. To him Irish agitators were wearisome persons, who boiled at low temperature, who talked much and long. All the Irish he knew worked on the section or drove drays.

¶ At this meeting the first citizens of Buffalo gave the proceedings absent treatment. The men in evidence were mostly harmless—John J. McBride, Father Cronin, James Mooney, and a liberal mixture of Mc's and O's made up the rest, and as I listened to them I made remarks about "Galways" and men who ate the rind of watermelons and "threw the inside away." Judge Clinton, of Buffalo, grandson of De Witt Clinton, had been inveigled into acting as chairman of the meeting, and I remember made a very forceful speech. He introduced Michael Davitt, noticeable for his one arm. All orators should have but one 'arm—the empty sleeve for an earnest orator being most effective. Davitt spoke well—he spoke like an aroused contractor to laborers who were demanding shorter hours & more pay.

¶ Davitt introduced Parnell. I knew Davitt but did not know Parnell. Before Parnell had spoken six words, I recognized and felt his superiority to any man on the stage or in the audience. His speech was very deliberate, steady, sure, his voice not loud, but under perfect control. The dress, the action, the face of the man were regal. Afterwards I heard he was called "The Uncrowned King," and I also understood how certain Irish peasants thought of him as a Messiah. His plea was for a clear comprehension of the matter at issue,

that it might be effectively dealt with, without heat, or fear, or haste. He carried a superb reserve and used no epithets. He showed how the landlords were born into their environment, just as the Irish peasantry were heirs to theirs. The speech was so un-Irish like, so convincing, so pathetic, so full of sympathy and rich in reason, so charged with heart, and a heart for all humanity, even blind and stupid Englishmen, that everybody was captured, bound with green withes, by his quiet convincing eloquence. The audience was melted into a whole, that soon forgot to applaud, but just listened breathlessly.

It was on this occasion that I heard the name of Henry George mentioned for the first time. Parnell quoted these words from "Progress and Poverty":

Man is a land animal. A land animal cannot live without land. All that man produces comes from the land; all productive labor, in the final analysis, consists in working up land or materials drawn from land, into such forms as fit them for the satisfaction of human wants and desires. Man's very body is drawn from the land. Children of the soil, we come from the land, and to the land we must return. Take away from man all that belongs to the land, and what have you but a disembodied spirit? Therefore he who holds the land on which and from which another man must live is that man's master; and the man is his slave. The man who holds the land on which I must live, can command me to life or to death just as absolutely as though I were his chattel. Talk about abolishing slavery—we have not abolished slavery; we have only abolished one rude form of it, chattel slavery. There is a deeper and more insidious form, a more cursed form yet before us to

LITTLE JOURNEYS

abolish, in this industrial slavery that makes a man a virtual slave, while taunting him and mocking him in the name of freedom.

We only hear a few speeches in a lifetime, possibly a scant half dozen—if you have heard that many you have done well. Would n't you have liked to hear Webster's reply to Hayne, Wendell Phillips at Fanueil Hall, Lincoln answering Douglas, or Ingersoll at the Soldiers' Reunion at Indianapolis?



CAPTAIN O'SHEA was the son of an Irish landlord, living in England on a goodly allowance. He was a fair specimen of the absentee. When obscurity belched him forth in 1880, he was a class D politician, who had evolved from soldiering through the ambitious efforts of his wife. He held a petty office in the Colonial Department, where the work was done by faithful clerks, grown gray in the service.

He was a man without morals or ideals. Careful search fails to reveal a single remark he ever made worthy of record, or a solitary act that is not as well forgotten.

C Every City Hall has dozens of just such men, and all political capitals swarm with them. They are the sons of good families, and have to be taken care of—Remittance Men, Astute Persons, Clever Nobodies, Good Fellows! They are more to be pitied than slav-ing peasants. God help the rich, the poor can work.

Work is a solace 'gainst self—a sanctuary and a refuge from the devil, for Satan still finds mischief for idle hands to do. The devil lies in wait for the idler; and the devil is the idler, and every idler is a devil. Saintship consists in getting busy at some useful work.

When Katharine Wood, daughter of Sir Page Wood, became Mrs. O'Shea, she was yet in her teens. Her husband was twenty. Neither knew what they were doing, or where they were going.

Captain O'Shea in his shining uniform was a showy figure, and that his captaincy had been bought and paid for was a matter that troubled nobody.

They were married, and once tied by an ecclesiastic knot, they proceeded to get acquainted. A captain in the English Army who has a few good working sergeants is nothing and nobody. If he has money he can pay to get the work done, and the only disadvantage is that real soldiers scorn him, for soldiers take the measure of their officers, just as office boys gauge the quality of the head clerk, or a salesman sizes a floor walker. Nobody is deceived about anybody excepting for an hour at a time.

When the time came for Captain O'Shea to drop out of military service and become a civilian clerk in the Colonial Office, the army was glad. Non-comps are gleefully sloughed in the army just as they are in a railroad office or a department store.

Yet Captain O'Shea was not a bad person—had he been born poor and driven a dray, or been understudy to a grocer, he would have evolved into a useful and inoffen-

LITTLE JOURNEYS

sive citizen. The tragedy all arose from that bitter joke that the stork is always playing: sending commonplace children to people of power. And then we foolish mortals try to overawe Nature by a Law of Entail, which supplies the Aristophanes of heaven and Gabriel many a quiet smile. The stork is certainly a bird that has no sense. Power that is earned is never ridiculous, but power in the hands of one who is strange to it is first funny, then fussy, and soon pathetic. Punk is a useful substance, and only serves as metaphor when it tries to pass for bronze.

So behold Katharine O'Shea, handsome, wistful, winsome, vivacious and intelligent, with a brain as keen as that of Becky Sharp, yet as honest as Amelia, getting her husband transferred from the army to the civil list. He was an Irishman, and his meager salary in the office had to be helped out with money wrung from Irish peasantry by landlords' agents. Captain O'Shea knew little about his estate, and was beautifully ignorant of its workings, but once he and his wife went over to Ireland, and the woman saw things the man did not and could not.

The Irish agitation was on, and the heart of the English girl went out to her brothers and sisters across the channel. Marriage had tamed her, sobered her dreams, disillusioned her fancies. In her extremity she turned to humanity, as women turn to religion. In fact humanity was to her a religion: her one thought was how to relieve and benefit Ireland—Ireland that supplied her that whereby she lived! She felt like a

cannibal at the thought of living off the labor of these poor people.

She read and studied the Irish problem, and one day copied this passage from Henry George into her commonplace book:

Ireland has never yet had a population which the natural resources of the country could not have maintained in ample comfort. At the period of her greatest population (1840-45), Ireland contained over eight millions of people. But a very large proportion of them managed merely to exist—lodging in miserable cabins, clothed in miserable rags, and with potatoes only as their staple food. When the potato blight came, they died by thousands. But it was not the inability of the soil to support so large a population that compelled so many to live in this miserable way, and exposed them to starvation on the failure of a single root crop. On the contrary, it was the same remorseless rapacity that robbed the Indian peasant of the fruits of his toil and left him to starve where nature offered plenty.

* * * * * When her population was at its highest, Ireland was a food-exporting country. Even during the famine, grain, meat, butter and cheese were carted for exportation along roads lined with the starving and past trenches into which the dead were piled. For these exports of food there was no return. It went not as an exchange, but as a tribute—to pay the rent of absentee landlords; a levy wrung from producers by those who in no wise contributed to the production.

¶ Captain O'Shea was not interested. He had the brain of a blackbird, but not enough mind to oppose his wife. He just accepted life, and occasionally growled because more money did not come from his agent in Galway—that was all. He still nominally belonged to the army,

LITTLE JOURNEYS

was a member of "The Canteen," a military club, played billiards in winter and cricket in summer, and if at long intervals he got plain drunk, it was a matter of patriotism done by way of celebrating a victory of English arms in the Congo, and therefore in the line of duty. Captain O'Shea never beat his wife, even in his cups, and the marriage was regarded as happy by the neighboring curate who occasionally looked in, and at times enjoyed a quiet mug with the Captain. ¶ Mrs. O'Shea knew several of the Irish Members of Parliament, in fact, one of them was a cousin of her husband. This cousin knew John Dillon and William O'Brien. ¶ Dillon and O'Brien knew Parnell, and belonged to his "advisory board."



Mrs. O'Shea was a member of Ruskin's St. George Society, and had outlined a plan to sell the handicraft products made in the Irish homes, it being Ruskin's desire to turn the Irish peasantry gradually from a dependence on agriculture to the handicrafts. Mrs. O'Shea had a parlor sale in her own house, of laces, rugs and baskets made by the Irish cottagers.

Dillon told Parnell of this. Parnell knew that such things were only palliative, but he sympathized with the effort, and when in June, 1880, he accepted an invitation to dine at the O'Sheas with half a dozen other notables, it was quite as a matter of course.

How could he anticipate that he was making history! ¶ Disappointment in marriage had made lines under the eyes of pretty Kitty O'Shea and strengthened her intellect. Indifference and stupidity are great educators

—they fill one with discontent and drive a person onward and upward to the ideal. A whetstone is dull, but it serves to sharpen Damascus blades.

Mrs. O'Shea's heart was in the Irish cause.

Parnell listened at first indulgently—then he grew interested  

The woman knew what she was talking about.

She was the only woman he had ever seen who did, save his mother, whose house had once been searched by the constabulary for things Fenian.

He listened, and then shook himself out of his melancholy. ¶ Parnell was not a society man—he did not know women—all petty small talk was outside of his orbit. He regarded women as chatterers—children, undeveloped men.

He looked at Kitty O'Shea and listened. She had coal-black, wavy hair, was small, petite and full of nervous energy. She was not interested in Charles Parnell; she was interested in his cause. They loved the same things. They looked at each other and talked.

And then they sat silent and looked at each other, realizing that people who do not understand each other without talk, never can with. To remain silent in each other's presence is the test.

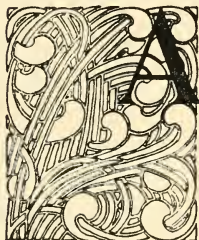
Within a week Parnell called at the O'Sheas', with Dillon, and they drank tea out of tiny cups.

Parnell was thirty-four, and bachelors of thirty-four either do not know women at all, or else know them too well. Had Parnell been an expert specialist in femininity, he would never have gone to see Mrs.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

O'Shea the second time. She was an honest woman with a religious oneness of aim, and such are not the ladies for predeaceous holluschickies.

Parnell went alone to call on Mrs. O'Shea—he wanted to consult with her about the Land League. By explaining his plans to her, he felt that he could get them clear in his own mind. He could trust her, and best of all, she understood—she understood!



ABOUT six months after this, London was convulsed with laughter at a joke too good to keep: One Captain O'Shea had challenged Charles Parnell, the Irish Leader, to a duel. Parnell had accepted the challenge, but the fight was off, because Thomas Mayne had gone to O'Shea & told him he "would kick him the length of Rotten Row if he tried to harm or even opened his Galway yawp about Parnell."

O'Shea had a valise which he said he had found in his wife's room, and this valise belonged to Parnell!

The English members talked of Parnell's aberration and carelessness concerning his luggage; and all hands agreed that O'Shea, whoever he was, was a fool, a hot-headed and egotistical rogue, trying to win fame for himself by challenging greatness. "Suppose that Parnell kills him, it is no loss to the world; but if O'Shea kills Parnell, the Irish cause is lost," said

Dillon, who went to see O'Shea and told him to go after some pigmy his own size.

Sir Patrick O'Brien said to O'Shea, "You dress very well, Captain O'Shea, but you are not the correct thing."

As for London's upper circles, why, it was certainly a lapse for Parnell to leave his valise in the lady's room. Parnell the Puritan—Parnell the man who used no tobacco or strong drink, and was never known to slip a swear word—Parnell the Irish Messiah! Ha, ha, ha!

¶ As for the love affair, all M. P.'s away from home without their families have them. You can do anything you choose, provided you do not talk about it, and you can talk about anything you choose, provided you do not do it.

Promiscuity in London is a well recognized fact, but a serious love affair is quite a different thing. No one for a moment really believed that Parnell was so big a fool as to fall in love with one woman, and be true to her, and her alone—that was too absurd!

Captain O'Shea resigned his civil office and went back to his command. He was sent for service to India, where he remained over a year. When he returned to London, he did not go to Mrs. O'Shea's house but took apartments down-town.

In 1886, political England was roused by the statement that Captain O'Shea was a candidate from Galway for the House of Commons, and was running under the protection of Parnell.

To the knowing ones in London it looked like a clear bargain and sale. O'Shea had tried to harass Parnell;

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Parnell had warned O'Shea to never cross his path, and now the men had joined hands.

Parnell was in possession of O'Shea's wife, & O'Shea was going to Parliament by Parnell's help! O'Shea was a notoriously unfit man for a high public office, and Joseph Biggar & others openly denounced Parnell for putting forth such a creature. "He'll vote with the b'hoys, so what difference does it make," said Sullivan. "The b'hoys," who vote as they are told are in every legislative body. They are not so much to be feared as men with brains. Parnell went over to Ireland, and braved the mob by making speeches for O'Shea, and O'Shea was elected.

Parnell was evidently caught in a trap—he did the thing he had to do. His love for the woman was a consuming passion—her love for him was complete. Only death could part them. And besides their hearts were in the Irish cause. To free Ireland was their constant prayer ☪ ☪

Scandal, until taken up by the newspapers, is only rumor. The newspapers seldom make charges until the matter gets into the courts—they fear the libel laws, but when the courts lend an excuse for giving "the news," the newspapers turn themselves loose like a pack of wolves upon a lame horse that has lost its way. And the reason the newspapers do this is because the people crave the savory morsel. The newspapers are published by men in business, and the wares they carry are those in demand—mostly gossip, scandal and defamation.

And humanity is of such a quality that it is not scandalized or shocked by the facts, but by the recital of the facts in the courts or the public prints.



THE House of Commons in 1890, was at last ready to grant Home Rule to Ireland. A bill satisfactory to the majority was prepared, and Parnell and Gladstone, the two strongest men of their respective countries, stood together in perfect accord.

Then it was, in that little interval of perfect peace, that there came the explosion. Captain O'Shea brought suit against his wife for divorce. The affair was planned not only to secure the divorce, but to do it in the most sensational and salacious manner. The bill of complaint, a voluminous affair, was really an alleged biography of Charles Parnell, and placed his conduct in the most offensive light possible. It recited that for ten years Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea lived together as man and wife; that they had traveled together on the continent under an alias; that Parnell had shaved off his beard to escape identity; and that the only interval of virtue that had come to the guilty couple since they first met was when Parnell was in Kilmainham Jail.

The intent of the complaint was plainly to arouse a storm of indignation against Parnell that would make

LITTLE JOURNEYS

progress for any measure he might advocate, quite out of the question.

The landlords were so filled with laughter that they forgot to collect rent; and the tenants so amazed and wroth at the fall of their leader that they cashed up—or didn't as the case happened.

Scandal filled the air; the newspapers issued extras and ten million housewives called the news over back fences ☞ ☞

And now at this distance it is very plain that the fuse was laid and fired by some one beside Captain O'Shea. O'Shea had not seen the woman who was once his wife, for five years, and was quite content in the snug arrangements he had in the interval made for himself.

¶ When the divorce was granted without opposition, Justin McCarthy wrote, "Charles Stewart Parnell is well hated throughout Great Britain, but Captain O'Shea is despised."

The question has often been asked, "Who snatched Home Rule from Ireland just as she reached for it?"

¶ Opinions are divided, and I might say merged by most Irish people, thus: O'Shea, Parnell, Gladstone, Katharine O'Shea.

Fifteen years have softened Irish sentiment toward Parnell, and anywhere from Blarney to Balleck you will get into dire difficulties if you hint ill of Parnell.

¶ Gladstone and O'Shea are still unforgiven. In Cork I once spoke to a priest of Kitty O'Shea, and with a little needless acerbity the man of God corrected me and said, "You mean Mrs. Katharine Parnell!" And I

apologized. ¶ The facts are that no one snatched Home Rule from Ireland—Ireland pushed it from her.

Had Ireland stood by Parnell when it came out that he loved, and had loved for ten years a most noble, intellectual, honest & excellent woman, Parnell would have still been the Irish Leader—the Uncrowned King.

¶ Gladstone did not desert the Irish Cause until the Irish had deserted Parnell. Then Gladstone followed their example—and gladly. Since then Home Rule for Ireland has been a joke.

The most persistent defamer of Parnell never accused the man of promiscuous conduct, nor of being selfish and sensual in his habit of life. He loved this one woman, and never loved another. And when a scurrilous reporter, hiding behind anonymity, published a story to the effect that Katharine O'Shea had had other love affairs, the publisher, growing alarmed, came out the following day with a disclaimer, thus: "If Mrs. O'Shea has had other irregular experiences, they are, so far, unknown to the public." It was an ungracious retraction—but a retraction still—and caused a few Irish bricks to find the publisher's plate glass.

The Irish lost Home Rule by allowing themselves to be stampeded. Their English friends, the enemy, playing upon their prejudices, they became drunk with hate and then their shillalabs resounded a tattoo upon the head of their leader. Nations and people who turn upon their best friends are too common to catalog.

Says Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the Westminster "Review" for January 1891: The spectacle of a whole

LITTLE JOURNEYS

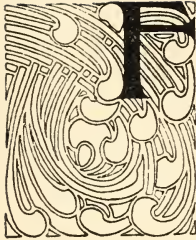
nation hounding one man, & determined to administer summary punishment, is pitiful at a time when those who love their fellowmen are asking for all the best moral appliances and conditions for the reformation of mankind. Force, either in the form of bodily infliction or mental lashing, has been abandoned by the experienced as ineffective and evil in all of its attributes. Acting on this principle what right has a nation to turn its whole engine of denunciation upon a human being for the violation of a personal unsettled question of morals?

A great, noble, unswerving love between a man and woman, mentally mated, is an unusual affair. That the Irish people should repudiate, scorn and spurn a man and woman who possessed such a love is a criticism on their intelligence that needs no comment. But the world is fast reaching a point where it realizes that honesty, purity of purpose, loyalty and steadfastness in love fit people for leadership, if anything does or can, and that from such a relationship spring freedom, justice, charity, generosity and the love that suffereth long and is kind.

There is no freedom on earth or in any star for those who deny freedom to others.

The people who desire political Home Rule, must first of all rule their own spirits, and grant to individuals the right and privilege of Home Rule in the home where love alone rules.





FROM the time O'Shea took his seat in Parliament, Parnell showed by his face and manner that he was a man with a rope tied to his foot. His health declined, he became apprehensive, nervous, and at times lost the perfect poise that had won for him the title of the "Uncrowned King." He had bargained with a man with whom no contract was sacred, and he was dealing with people as volatile and uncertain as Vesuvius.

"I have within my hand a Parliament for Ireland," said Parnell in a speech to a mob at Galway. "I have within my hand a Parliament for Ireland, and if you destroy me, you destroy Home Rule for Ireland!"

And the Irish people destroyed Parnell. In this they had the assistance of Gladstone, who after years of bitter opposition to Parnell, had finally been won over to Ireland's cause, not being able to disrupt it. When we cannot down a strong man in fair fight all is not lost—we can still join hands with him. When Captain O'Shea secured a divorce from his wife, naming Parnell as co-respondent, and Parnell practically pleaded guilty by making no defence, the rage against Parnell was so fierce that if he had appeared in Ireland, his life would have paid the forfeit.

Then, when in a few months he married the lady according to the Civil Code, but without Episcopal or Catholic sanction, the storm broke afresh, and a hypocritical world worked overtime trying to rival the Billings-

LITTLE JOURNEYS

gate Calendar. The newspapers employed watchers, who picketed the block where Parnell and his wife lived, and telegraphed to Christendom the time the lights were out, and whether Mr. Parnell appeared with a shamrock or a rose in his buttonhole. The facts that Mrs. Parnell wore her hair in curls, and smilingly hummed a tune as she walked to the corner, were construed into proof of brazen guilt and a desire to affront respectable society.

Gladstone was a strict Churchman, but he was also a man of the world. Parnell's offense was the offense committed by Lord Nelson, Lord Hastings, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Charles Dilke, Shakespeare, and most of those who had made the name and fame of England world-wide. Gladstone might have stood by Parnell and steadied the Nationalist Party until the storm of bigotry and prejudice abated, but he saw his chance to escape from a hopeless cause, and so he demanded the resignation of Parnell while the Irish were still rabid against the best friend they ever had. Feud and faction had discouraged Gladstone, and now was his chance to get out without either backing down or running away! By the stroke of a pen he killed the only man in Great Britain who rivaled him in power—the only Irishman worthy to rank with O'Connor and Grattan. It was an opportunity not to be lost!

To just take the stand of virtue and lift up his hands in affected horror, instead of stretching out those hands to help a man, whose sole offense was that he loved a woman with a love that counted not the cost, hesi-

tated at no risk, and which eventually led to not only financial and political ruin, but to death itself. Parnell died six months after his marriage, from nerve-wrack that had known no respite for ten years.

In half apology for his turning upon Parnell, Gladstone once afterward said, "Home Rule for Ireland—what would she do with it anyway?" In this belief that Home Rule meant misrule, he may have been right. James Bryce, a sane and logical thinker, thought so, too. But this did not relieve Gladstone of the charge of owning a lumber yard and putting up the price of plank when his friend fell overboard.

The ulster of virtue, put on and buttoned to the chin as an expedient move in times of social and political danger, is a garment still in vogue!

Says James Bryce:

To many Englishmen, the proposal to create an Irish Parliament seemed nothing more or less than a proposal to hand over to these men the government of Ireland, with all the opportunities thence arising to oppress the opposite party in Ireland and to worry England herself. It was all very well to urge that the tactics which the Nationalists had pursued when their object was to extort Home Rule would be dropped, because superfluous, when Home Rule had been granted; or to point out that an Irish Parliament would probably contain different men from those who had been sent to Westminster as Mr. Parnell's nominees. The internal condition of Ireland supplied more substantial grounds for alarm than English misrule. Three-fourths of the people are Roman Catholics, one-fourth Protestants, and this Protestant fourth subdivided into bodies not fond

LITTLE JOURNEYS

of one another, who have little community of sentiment. Besides the Scottish colony in Ulster, many English families have settled here and there through the country. They went farther, and made the much bolder assumption that as such a Parliament would be chosen by electors, most of whom were Roman Catholics, it would be under the control of the Catholic priesthood, and hostile to Protestants. Thus they supposed that the grant of self-government to Ireland would mean the abandonment of the upper and wealthier class, the landlords and the Protestants, to the tender mercies of their enemies. The fact stood out that in Ireland two hostile factions had been contending for the last sixty years, and that the gift of self-government might enable one of them to tyrannize over the other. True, that party was the majority, and, according to the principles of democratic government, therefore entitled to prevail. The minority had the sympathy of the upper classes in England, because the minority contained the landlords. It had the sympathy of a large part of the middle class, because it contained the Protestants. There was another anticipation, another forecast of evils to follow, which told most of all upon English opinion. It was the notion that Home Rule was only a stage in the road to the complete separation of the two islands. Parnell's campaign diluted the greed of landlords, but Ireland, politically, is yet where she has been for two hundred years, governed by bureaucrats.



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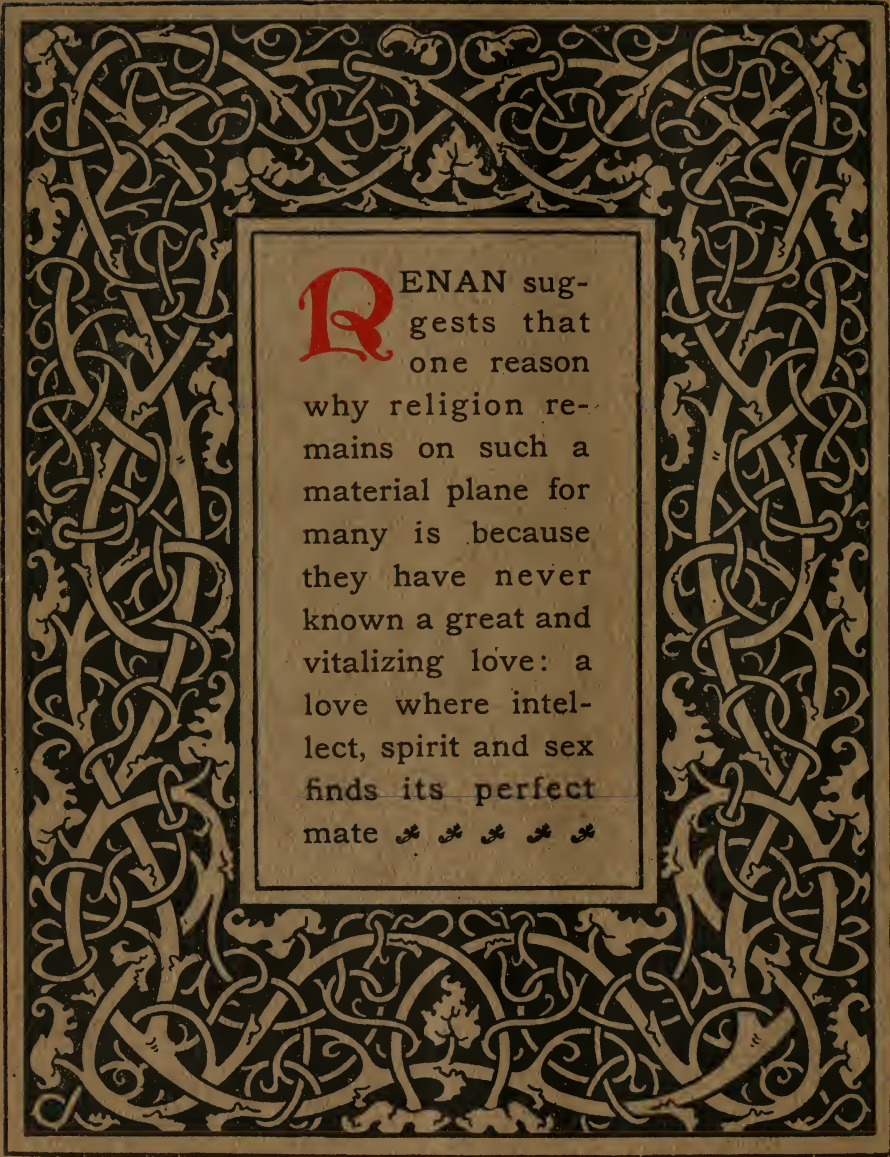
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No. 6

Little Journeys To Homes of Great Lovers

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

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object becomes at last the possession
of the one who loves* ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

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 - 4 John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor
 - 5 Parnell and Kitty O'Shea
 - 6 Petrarch and Laura
 - 7 Dante Gabriel Rossetti & Elizabeth Siddall
 - 8 Balzac and Madame Hanska
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PETRARCH AND LAURA



Petrarch

PETRARCH AND LAURA



LITERARY reputation once attained can never be lost," says Balzac. This for the reason that we find it much easier to admit a man's greatness than refute it. The safest and most solid reputations are those of writers nobody reads. As long as a man is read he is being weighed, and the verdict is un-

certain, which remark, of course, does not apply to the books we read with our eyes shut.

Shakespeare's proud position today is possible only through the fact that he is not read. We get our Shakespeare from "Bartlett's Quotations," and the statement made by the good old lady that Shakespeare used more quotations than any one man who every lived is true, although she should have added that he used blessed few quotation marks.

In all my life I never knew anybody, save one woman and a little girl who read Shakespeare in the original. I know a deal of Shakespeare, although I never read one of his plays, and never could witness a Shakespearean performance without having the fidgets. All the Shakespeare I have, I caught from being exposed to people who have the microbe.

I never yet met any one who read Petrarch. But every so-called educated person is compelled to admit the genius of Petrarch.

We know the gentleman by sight, that is, we know

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

the back of his books. ¶ And then we know that he loved Laura—Petrarch and Laura!

We walk into Paradise in pairs—just as the toy animals go into a Noah's Ark. Shakespeare is coupled, thus: Shakespeare and ——

He wrote his sonnets to Her, exactly as did Dante, Petrarch and Rossetti. A sonnet is a house of life enclosing an ostermoor built for two.

Petrarch is one of the four great Italian poets, and his life is vital to us because all of our modern literature traces a pedigree to him.

The Italian Renaissance is the dawn of civilization—the human soul emerging into wakefulness after its sleep of a thousand years.

The Dark Ages were dark because religion was supreme, and to keep it pure they had to subdue every one who doubted it or hoped to improve upon it. So dispute, wrangle, faction, feud, plot, exile, murder and Sherlock Holmes absorbed the energies of men and paralyzed spontaneity and all happy, useful effort. The priest caught us coming and going. We had to be christened when we were born and given extreme unction when we died, otherwise we could not die legally—hell was to pay, here and hereafter.

The only thing that finally banished fear and stopped the rage for vengeance, revenge and loot was Love. Not the love for God—No! Just the love of man and woman ♡ ♡

Passionate, romantic love! When man had evolved to a point where he loved one woman with an absorbing

love, the rosy light of dawn appeared in the east, the Dark Ages sank into oblivion, and civilization kicked off the covers and cooed in the cradle.

Is it bad to love one woman with all the intensity that was formerly lavished on ten? Some people think so—some have always thought so—in the Dark Ages everybody thought so. Religion taught it—God was jealous. Marriage was an expediency. Dante, Petrarch and Shakespeare live only because they loved.

Literature, music, sculpture, painting, constitute art; however, not all of art. And art is a secondary sexual manifestation. Beauty is the child of married minds, and Emerson says "Beauty is the seal of approval that Nature sets upon Virtue."

So, if you please, love and virtue are one, and a lapse from virtue is a lapse from love. It is love that vitalizes the intellect to the creative point. So it will be found that men with the creative faculty have always been lovers. To give a list of the great artists that the world has seen would be to name a list of lovers.

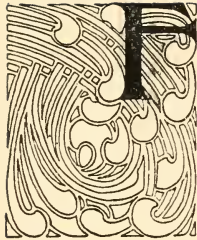
The Italian Renaissance was the birth of Romantic Love. It was a new thing, and we have not gotten used to it yet. It is so new to men's natures that they do not always know how to manage it, and so it occasionally runs away with them and leaves them struggling in the ditch, from which they emerge sorry sights, or laughable, according to the view of the bystander and the extent of the disaster. And yet, in spite of mishaps, let the truth stand that those who travel fast and go far, go by Love's Parcel Post, concerning

**LITTLE
JOURNEYS**

which there is no limit to the size of the package ☞ Romantic Love was impossible at the time when men stole wives. When wife-buying took the place of wife-stealing, it was likewise out of the question. To win by performance of the intellect, the woman must have evolved to a point where she was able to approve and was sufficiently free to express delight in the lover's accomplishments. Instead of physical prowess she must be able to delight in brains. Petrarch paraded his poems exactly as a peacock does its feathers. And so it will be seen that it was the advance in the mental status of woman that made the Italian Renaissance possible. The Greeks regarded a woman who had brains with grave suspicion.

The person who cannot see that sex equality must come before we reach the millennium is too slow in spirit to read this book, and had better stop right here and get him to his last edition of the Evening Garbage. ¶ Lovers work for the approval of each other and so through action and reaction, we get a spiritual chemical emulsion, that starting with simple sex attraction, contains a gradually increasing per cent of phosphorus until we get a fusion of intellect—a man and woman who think as one being.





FOR the benefit of people with a Petrarch bee and time to incinerate, I will explain that Professor Marsand of the University of Padua collected a "Petrarch Library" which consists of nine hundred separate and distinct volumes on the work and influence of Petrarch.

This collection of books was sold to a French bibliophile for the tidy sum of forty thousand pounds, and is now in the Louvre.

I have not read all of these nine hundred books, else probably I should not know anything about Petrarch. It seems that for two hundred years after the death of the poet there was a Petrarch cult, and a storm of controversy filled the literary air.

The accounts of Petrarch's life up to the Eighteenth Century were very contradictory; there were even a few attempts to give him a supernatural parentage; and certain good men as if to hold the balance true denied that he had ever existed.

Petrarch was born in 1304, and the same edict that sent Dante into exile caught the father of Petrarch in its coils. His father was a lawyer and politician, but on account of a political cyclone he became a soldier of fortune—an exile. The mother got permission to remain, and there she lived with their little brood at Incisa a small village on the Arno, fourteen miles above Florence.

It is a fine thing to live near a large city, but you should not go there any more often than you can help.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

A city supplies inspiration, from a distance, but once mix up in it and become a part of it, and you are ironed out and subdued. The characters and tendencies of the majority of men who have done things were formed in the country. Read the lives of the men who lifted Athens, Rome, Venice, Amsterdam, Paris, London and New York out of the fog of the commonplace, and you will find, almost without exception, that they were outsiders. Transplanted weeds often evolve into the finest flowers.

And so my advice would be to any one about to engage in the genius business: Do not spend too much time in the selection of your parents, beyond making sure that they are not very successful. They would better be poor than very rich. They would better be ignorant than learned, especially if they realize they are learned. They would better be morally indifferent than spiritually smug. If their puritanism is carried to a point where it absolutely repels, it then has its beneficent use, teaching by antithesis. They would better be loose in their discipline than carry it so far that it makes the child exempt from coming to conclusions of his own. And as for parental love, it would better be spread out than lavished in a way that it stands between the child and the result of his own misdeeds. ¶ In selecting environment do not pick one too propitious, otherwise you will plant your roses in muck, when what they demand for exercise is a little difficulty in way of a few rocks to afford an anchor for roots. Genius grows only in an environment that does

not fully satisfy, and the effort to better the environment and bring about better conditions is exactly the one thing that evolves genius.

Petrarch was never quite satisfied. To begin with he was not satisfied with his father's name, which was Petracco. When our poet was fifteen he called himself Petrarch, probably with Plutarch in mind, "for the sake of euphony" he said. But the fact was that his wandering father had returned home, and the boy looking him over with a critical eye was not over pleased with the gentleman. Then he became displeased with his mother for having contracted an intimacy with such a man. Hence the change of name—he belonged to neither of them. But as this was at adolescence the unrest of the youth should not be taken too seriously.

The family had moved several times, living in half a dozen different towns and cities. They finally landed at Avignon, the papal capital.

Matters had mended the fortunes of Petracco, and the boy was induced to go to Montpellier and study law. The legend has it, that the father visiting the son a few months later, found on his desk a pile of books on rhetoric and poetry, and these the fond parent straightway flung into the fire. The boy entering the room about that time lifted such a protest that a "Virgil" and a "Cicero" were recovered from the flames, but the other books including some good original manuscript went up in smoke.

The mother of Petrarch died when our poet was

LITTLE JOURNEYS

twenty years of age. In about two years after his father also passed away. Their loss did not crush him absolutely, for we find he was able to write a poem expressing a certain satisfaction on their souls being safely in Paradise.

At this time Petrarch had taken clerical orders and was established as assistant to the secretary of one of the cardinals. Up to his twentieth year Petrarch was self-willed, moody & subject to fits of melancholy. He knew too much and saw things too clearly to be happy. ¶ Four authors had fed his growing brain—Cicero, Seneca, Livy and Virgil. In these he reveled. “Always in my hand or hidden in my cloak I carried a book,” he says, “and thoughts seem to me to be so much more than things, that the passing world—the world of action and achievement—seemed to me to be an unworthy world and the world of thought to be the true and real world. It will thus be seen that I was young and my mind unformed.”

The boy was a student by nature—he had a hunger for books. He knew Latin as he did Italian, and was familiarizing himself with Greek. Learning was to him religion. Priests who were simply religious did not interest him. He had dallied in schools and monasteries at Montpelier, Pisa, Bologna, Rome, Venice and Avignon, moving from place to place, a dilettante of letters. At none of the places named had he really entered his name as a student. He was in a class by himself—he knew more than his teachers, and from his nineteenth year they usually acknowledged it. He was

a handsome youth, proud, quiet, low-voiced, self-reliant. His form was tall and shapely, his face dark and oval, with almost perfect features, his eyes especially expressive and luminous.

Priests in high office welcomed him to their homes, and ladies of high degree sighed and made eyes at him as he passed, but they made eyes in vain.

He was wedded to literature. The assistance he gave to his clerical friends in preparing their sermons and addresses made his friendship desirable. The good men he helped occasionally placed mysterious honorariums in his way which he pocketed with a silent prayer of gratitude to Providence.

A trifle more ambition, a modicum of selfishness, a dash of the worldly-wise and his course would have been relieved of its curves, and he would have gravitated straight to the red hat. From this to being pope would have been but a step, for he was a king by nature ☞ ☞

But a pope must be a business man, and a real, genuine king must draw his nightcap on over his crown every night or he'll not keep his crown very long.

Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of everything else. High positions must be fought for inch by inch, and held by a vigilance that never sleeps.

☞ Petrarch would not pay the price of temporal power. His heart was in the diphthong and anapest. He doted on a well-turned sentence, while the thing that caught the eye of Boccaccio was a well-turned ankle.

It seems that Petrarch took that proud cold position

LITTLE JOURNEYS

held by religious enthusiasts, and which young novitiates sincerely believe in, that when you have once entered the church you are no longer subject to the frailties of the flesh, and that the natural appetites are left behind. This is all right when on parade, but there is an esoteric doctrine as well as an exoteric, which all wise men know, and that is that men are men, and women are women, and God made them so, and that the tonsure and the veil are vain when Eros and Opportunity join hands.



NO man has ever taken the public more into his confidence than Petrarch, not even Rousseau who confessed more than was necessary, & probably more than was true. Petrarch tells us that at twenty-two he had descended from his high estate and been led into the prevailing follies of the court by more than one of the dames of high degree who flocked to Avignon, the seat of the Papal See. These women came from mixed motives—for their health, religious consolation, excitement.

A young priest is a very alluring prize for an idle lady of poetic, literary and religious bent. When priests sin Gabriel looks the other way.

Petrarch states his abhorrence for the over-ripe, idle and feverish female intent on confession. He had

known her too well and so not only did he flee from the "Western Babylon," as he calls Avignon, but often remained away at times for two whole weeks. Like Richard Le Gallienne who has Omar say :

Think not that I have never tried your way
To heaven, you who pray and fast and pray,
Once I denied myself both love and wine,
Yea, wine and love—for a whole Summer day.

Much of his time Petrarch spent in repenting. He repined because he had fallen from the proud pedestal where he delighted to view himself, being both the spectator and the show.

In his twenty-second year he met James Colonna, of the noble and illustrious Colonna family, and a fine friendship sprang up between them. The nobleman was evidently a noble man indeed with a heart and head to appreciate the genius of Petrarch, and the good commonsense to treat the poet as an equal.

Petrarch pays Colonna a great tribute, referring to his moderation, his industry, his ability to wait on himself, his love for the out-of-doors. The friends used to take long walks together, and discuss Cicero and Virgil, seated on grassy banks by the wayside.

"Men must have the friendship of men, and a noble, high-minded companion seems a necessity to prevent too much inward contemplation. It is better to tell your best to a friend, than to continually revolve it." Look out—not in, up, not down. Then Petrarch innocently adds, "I vowed I would not have anything to do with women, nor even in the social converse,

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

but that my few friends should be sober, worthy and noble men of gravity."

No man is in such danger from strong drink as the man who has just sworn off. Petrarch with pious steps went regularly to early mass. By going to church early in the day he avoided the fashionable throng of females that attended later. Early in the morning one sees only fishwives and fat market-women.

On the sixth of April, 1327, at exactly six o'clock in the morning Petrarch knelt in the Church of St. Clara at Avignon. The morning was foggy, and the dim candles that dotted the church gave out a fitful flare. As Petrarch knelt with bowed head he repeated his vow that his only companions should be men—men of intellect, and that the one woman to arrest his thoughts should be his mother in heaven—peace be to her!

And then he raised his head to gaze at the chancel, so his vow should there be recorded. He tried to look at the chancel, but failed to see that far.

He could only see about ten feet ahead of him. What he saw was two braids of golden hair wound round a head like a crown of glory ☪ It was a woman—a delicate, proud and marvelous personality—a woman! He thought her a vision and he touched the cold floor with his hands to see if he were awake.

Petrarch began to speculate as to when she had entered the church. He concluded she had entered in spirit form and materialized there before him. He watched her, expecting any moment she would fade away into ethereal nothingness ☪ He watched her.

The fog of the cold church seemed to dissipate—the day grew brighter, a stray ray of light stole in and for an instant fell athwart the beautiful head of this wonderful woman.

Petrarch was now positive it was all a dream.

Just then the woman rose, and with her companion stood erect. Petrarch noted the green mantle sprinkled with violets. He also made mental note of the slender neck, the low brow, the length of the head compared with the height, the grace, the poise, the intellect, the soul! There he was on his knees—not adoring Deity, just Her! The rest of the congregation were standing. She turned and looked at him—a look of pity and reproof, tinged with amusement, but something in her wondrous eyes spoke of recognition—they had something in common!

She looked at him. Why did she turn and look at him? Don't ask me, how do I know!

Perhaps telepathy is a fact after all. Possibly a man is a storage battery—man the positive, woman the negative—I really cannot say. Telepathy may be a fact—it may hinge on the strength of the batteries, and the condition of currents.

She turned and looked at him. He had disturbed her religious meditations—rung up the wrong number—she had turned and looked at him—a look of recognition—a look of pity, rebuke, amusement & recognition.

¶ He rose and half tiptoed, half stumbled to the door, ashamed, chagrined, entranced. Ashamed because he had annoyed an Angel of Light, chagrined because he

LITTLE JOURNEYS

had lost his proud self-control and been unhorsed, entranced by the fact that the Angel of Light had recognized him.

Still they had never before met. To have seen this woman once would have been unforgettable—her glance had burned her brand into his soul. She had set her seal upon him—he was hers.

He guessed that she knew who he was—he was sure he did not know her name.

He lingered an instant at the church door, crossed himself foolishly with holy water, than passed out into the early morning bustle of the streets.

The cool air fanned his face, and the gentle breeze caressed his hair. He put his hand to his brow.

He had left his hat—left it in the church. He turned to go back after it, but it came over him that another glance from those eyes would melt him though he were bronze. He would melt as if he had met God face to face, a thing even Moses dare not do and hope to live ☛ ☛

He stood in the church door as if he were dazed. The verger came forward, "My hat, good Stephano, I left it—just back of the fair lady." He handed the man a piece of silver and the verger disappeared. Petrarch was sure he could not find the lady—she was only a vision, a vision seen by him alone. He would see.

¶ The verger came back with the hat.

"And the lady—you—you know her name?"

"Oh, she, the lovely lady with the golden hair? That is Laura, the wife of Hugh de Sade."

“Of course, of course!” said Petrarch and reaching into a leather pocket that was suspended from his belt under his cloak he took out a handful of silver and gave it to the astonished verger and passed out and down the street, walking nowhere, needlessly fast. The verger followed to the door and watching the tall retreating form, muttered, “He does not look like a man who cuts into the grape to excess—and so early in the morning, too!”



THAT was a foolish saying of Byron,
 Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence.

Does it not all depend upon the man and woman? The extent and quality of a woman's love compared with man's have furnished the physiologists and psychologists a great field for innocent speculation. And the whole question is still unsettled, as it should be, and is left to each new crop of poets to be used as raw stock, just as though no one had ever dreamed, meditated and speculated upon it before. **Q**As for Petrarch and Laura, Laura's love was of her life a part, 'twas Petrarch's whole existence.

Laura was very safely married to a man several years her senior—a stern, hard-headed, unromantic lawyer, who was what the old ladies call “a good provider.” He even provided a duenna, or chaperon of experience,

LITTLE JOURNEYS

one who knew all the subtle tricks of that base animal, man, and where Laura went there went the chaperon. ¶ Petrarch once succeeded in slipping a purse of gold into the duenna's hands, and that worthy proved her fitness by keeping the purse, and increasing her watchfulness of her charge as the danger of the poet's passion increased. The duenna hinted that the sacrifice of her own virtue was not entirely out of the question, but Laura was her sacred charge. That is, the duenna could resist the temptations of Laura.

This passion of Petrarch for Laura very quickly became known and recognized. The duenna doubtless retailed it below stairs, and the verger at the church also had his tale to tell. Love stories allow us to live the lover's life vicariously, and so that which once dwelt in the flesh becomes a thought. Matchmakers are all living their lives over again in their minds.

But beside the gossips, Petrarch himself made no secret of his passion. Almost daily he sent Laura a poem. She could have refused the gentle missive if she wished, but she did not wish.

Petrarch had raised her to a dizzy height. Wherever she went she was pointed out, and the attorney, her husband, hired another duenna to watch the first. ¶ This love of a youth for a married woman was at that time quite proper. The lady of the knight errant might be one to whom he had never spoken.

Petrarch sang for Laura; but he sang more melodiously than ever any one had sung before, save Dante alone. His homage was the honorable homage of the cavalier.

¶ Yet Hugh de Sade grew annoyed and sent a respectful request to Petrarch to omit it.

This brought another sonnet, distributed throughout the town, stating that Petrarch's love was as sacred as that of his love for the Madonna, and indeed, he addressed Laura as the Madonna.

Only at church did the lovers meet, or upon the street as they passed. Gossip was never allowed to evolve into scandal.

Bliss Carman tells in a lecture of a fair and frail young thing crying aloud to her mother in bitter plaint, "He loves me—yes, I know he loves me—but only for literary purposes!"

Love as a mental "Martini" is a well-known fact, but its cold, plotted concoction is a poison and not a stimulant. Petrarch's love for Laura was genuine and sincere. That she fed & encouraged this love for twenty years, or to the day of her death we know full well.

¶ In Gœthe's "Elective Affinities" the great German philosopher explains how a sublime passion can be preserved in all its purity on the Platonic plane for a long term of years. Laura was a married woman, wedded to a man she respected but could not love. He ruled her—she was his property. She found it easier to accept his rule than rebel. Had his treatment of her descended to brutality, she would have flown to her lover or else died. One critic says, "Laura must have been of a phlegmatic type, not of a fine or sensitive nature, and all of her wants were satisfied, her life protected and complete. The adoration of Petrarch was

not a necessity to her—it came in as a pleasing diversion, a beautiful compliment, but something she could easily do without. Had she been a maid and been kept the prisoner that she was, the flame of love would have burned her heart out, and life for her would have been a fatal malady, just as it was for Simonetta.”

And so we find Goethe coldly reasoning that a great Platonic love is possible where the woman is married to a man who is endurable, and the man is wedded to a woman he cannot get rid of. “Thus four persons are required to work the miracle” says Goethe, and glides off casually into another theme.

Laura was flattered by Petrarch’s attentions—she became doubly attentive to her religious obligations. She wore the dresses he liked best. In her hair or on her breast there always rested a laurel leaf. She was nothing loath to being worshipped.

“You must not speak to me,” she once whispered as they passed. And again she wrote on a slip of parchment, “Remember my good name and protect it.”

A note like that would certainly rouse a lover’s soul. It meant that she was his in heart, but her good name must be protected, so as not to start a scandal. The sin was in being found out.

A sonnet, extra warm, quickly followed.

Petrarch was full of unrest. His eyes burned with fever; he walked the streets in despair. Colonna seeing his distress and knowing the reason of it, sought to divert him. He offered to secure him a bishopric, or some other high office, where his energies would

be absorbed. ¶ Petrarch would not accept office or responsibility ☞ His heart was all bound up in Laura and literature.

Colonna, in order to get his friend away from Avignon, then had himself appointed Bishop of Lombes, and made Petrarch his secretary ☞ So the two friends started away for the new field, six hundred miles distant. They had a regular cavalcade of carriages and horsemen, for Colonna was a very rich man and everything was his for the asking ☞ They traveled by a circuitous route so as to visit many schools, monasteries and towns on the way. Everywhere honors were paid them.

The change of scene, meeting so many new people, the excitement of making public addresses, revived the spirits of Petrarch. Gradually the intensity of his passion subsided. He began to think of something else beside his lady-love.

Petrarch kept a journal of his trip which has been preserved for us in the form of letters. At one place on the route a most tragic circumstance came to his notice. It affected him so much that he wrote it out with many sorrowful comments. It seems a certain young monk of decided literary and musical ability was employed by a nobleman to give music lessons to his daughters. The inevitable happened.

Petrarch said it did not—that the monk was wrongfully accused. Anyway, the father of the girl, who was the magistrate of the district, ordered the monk to be sealed up in a cell and to remain there the rest of his

LITTLE JOURNEYS

life. The girl was sent to a nunnery and the monk in a few weeks succeeded in killing himself, and his cell became his grave. This kind of punishment, carried out by the judge, who according to our ideas had no right to try the case, reveals the kind of "justice" that existed in the most civilized country on earth only a few hundred years ago.

The barbarity of the sentence came very close home to Petrarch, and both he and the young Bishop tell what they think of the Christianity that places a penalty on natural affection.

So they hastened away from the monastery where the monk whose love cost him his life, lived, on to their own field of labor.

Here Petrarch remained for two years. His health and spirits came back, but poetry had gone by the board. In Lombes there was no one who cared for poetry.

¶ Petrarch congratulated himself on having mastered his passion. Laura had become but a speck in the distant horizon, a passing incident of his youth. But he sighed for Avignon. There was life and animation, music, literature, art, oratory and the society of great men. Besides he wanted to prove to his own satisfaction that he had mastered his love for Laura.

He would go back to Avignon.

He went back; he saw Laura; she saw him, and passing him with a swift glance of recognition moved on. At sight of her his knees became weak, his heart seemed to stop and he leaned against a pillar for support. That night he eased his soul with a sonnet.

¶ To his great embarrassment he found he had not mastered his passion—it was now mastering him. He tells us all this at length and he told Laura, too.

His health began to decline, and his physician advised that he move to the country. And so we find him taking a course of solitude as a cure for love. He moved to Vaucluse, a hamlet fifteen miles from the city. Some of the old-time biographies tried to show that Laura visited him there in his solitude, and that was the reason he lived there. It is now believed that such stories were written for the delectation of the Hearst Syndicate and had no basis in fact. The only way Petrarch ever really met Laura was in imagination ☞ ☞

Boccaccio, a contemporary and friend of Petrarch, declared that Laura had no existence outside of the imagination of the poet. But Boccaccio was a poet with a roystering proclivity, and truth to such a one in a love affair is out of the question. Lies and love, with a certain temperament go hand in hand. Possibly the absurd position of modern civilization towards the love emotions has much to do with this ☞ We have held that in human love there was something essentially base and bad, and so whenever a man or woman become involved in Cupid's meshes they are sudden and quick in swearing an alibi, no matter what the nature of the attachment may be. Boccaccio had to continually defend himself from charges, which most people knew were true, and so by habit he grew to deny everything, not only for himself, but his friends.

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

The poet needs solitude and society—in right proportions ☞ ☞

Petrarch lived at Vaucluse for ten years, making occasional trips to various capitals. Of his solitary life he says :

Here at Vaucluse I make war upon my senses, and treat them as my enemies ☞ My eyes, which have drawn me into a thousand difficulties, see no longer either gold or precious stones, or ivory, or purple; they behold nothing save the water, the firmament, and the rocks. The only female who comes within their sight is a swarthy old woman, dry and parched as the Lybian deserts. My ears are no longer courted by those harmonious instruments and voices which have so often transported my soul; they hear nothing but the lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the sheep, the warbling of the birds, and the murmurs of the river.

☞ I keep silence from noon till night. There is no one to converse with; for the good people, employed in spreading their nets, or tending their vines & orchards, are no great adepts at conversation. I often content myself with the dry bread of the fisherman, and even eat it with pleasure. Nay, I almost prefer it to white bread. This old fisherman, who is as hard as iron, earnestly remonstrates against my manner of life; and assures me that I can not long hold out. I am, on the contrary, convinced that it is easier to accustom one's self to a plain diet than to the luxuries of a feast. I am fond of the fish with which this stream abounds, and I sometimes amuse myself with spreading the nets. As to my dress, there is an entire change; you would take me for a laborer, or a shepherd.

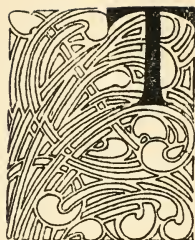
My mansion resembles that of Cato or Fabricus. My whole house-establishment consists of myself, my old fisherman and his wife, and a dog. My fisherman's

cottage is near to mine ; when I want him I call, when I no longer need him, he returns to his cottage. I have made two gardens that please me wonderfully. I do not think they are equalled in all the world. And I must confess to you a more than female weakness with which I am haunted. I am positively angry that there is anything so beautiful out of Italy.

One of these gardens is shady, formed for contemplation, and sacred to Apollo. It overhangs the source of the river, and is terminated by rocks, and by places accessible only to birds. The other is nearer to my cottage, of an aspect less severe, and devoted to Bacchus ; and, what is extremely singular, it is in the midst of a rapid river. The approach to it is over a bridge of rocks ; and there is a natural grotto under the rocks, which gives them the appearance of a rustic bridge. Into this grotto the rays of the sun never penetrate. I am confident that it much resembles the place where Cicero sometimes went to declaim ☞ It invites to study. Hither I retreat during the noontide hours ; my mornings are engaged upon the hills, or in the garden sacred to Apollo. Here I would most willingly spend my days, were I not too near Avignon, and too far from Italy. For why should I conceal this weakness of my soul ? I love Italy, and hate Avignon. The pestilential influence of this horrid place empoisons the pure air of Vaucluse, and will compel me to quit my retirement.



LITTLE JOURNEYS



THE verdict of humanity seems to be that Laura was the most consummate coquette in history. She dressed to attract Petrarch's attention; wore the flowers he liked best; accepted his amorous poems without protest; placed herself in his way by running on the same schedule.

The Standard Dictionary makes some fine distinctions between flirtation, coquetry and coyness. Flirtation means to fascinate and leave the lover in doubt as to his fate—to lead him on and leave him in a maze. It does not imply that he does not have reason for hope. Flirtation is coyness refined to a system.

Coquetry is defined as an attempt to attract admiration and lead the lover up to a point of a matrimonial proposal and then reject him—a desire to gratify personal vanity. Coquettes are regarded as heartless, while flirts are often sincere creatures who adopt certain tactics for the sole purpose of bagging the game. That is, the flirt works to win, the coquette to reject. Coquetry is attention without intention. Flirtation is a race with the intention of being overtaken, and has in it the rudiments of that old idea that a woman must be captured. So we have a legend concerning those Sabine women, where one of them asks impatiently, "How soon does this attack begin?"

Laura was not a flirt. She was an honest wife and became the mother of ten children in her twenty years of married life. When Petrarch first saw her she had a

babe at home a year old. In another year, this first babe became "the other baby" and was put on a bottle with its little pug nose out of joint. There was always one on bread and milk, one on the bottle and one with nose under the shawl—and all the time the sonnets came fluttering a-down the summer winds.

Q Laura was a cool-headed woman, shrewd and astute, with heart under perfect control, her feelings well upholstered by adipose. If she had been more of the woman she would have been less. Like the genuine coquette that she was, she received everything and gave nothing. She had a good digestion and no nerves to speak of.

Petrarch describes her in a thousand ways, but the picture is so retouched that the portrait is not clear or vivid. He dilates on her mental, moral, spiritual and physical qualities, according to his mood, and the flattery to her was never too fulsome. Possibly she was not fully aware before that she was such a paragon of virtue, but believing in the superior insight of Petrarch she said, "It must be so." Thus is flattery always acceptable, nor can it be overdone unless it be laid on with a trowel.

To flatter in rhythm, and rhyme with due regard for euphony and cadence is always safe, and is totally different from bursting out upon a defenseless woman with buckets of adoration.

Laura evidently knew by intuition that her success in holding the love of Petrarch lay in never allowing him to come close enough to be disillusioned. She kept him

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

at a distance & allowed him to do the dialogue. All she desired was to perform a solo upon his imagination.

¶ Clothes play a most important part in Cupid's pranks. Though the little god himself goes naked he never allows his votaries to follow suit. That story of Venus unadorned appearing from the sea is only a fairy tale—such a sight would have made a love-lorn swain take to the woods, and would have been interesting only to the anatomist or a member of the life class. The wicket, the lattice, the lace curtain, the veil and mantilla, are all secondary sexual manifestations. In rural districts where honesty still prevails the girls crochet a creation which they call a "fascinator," and I can summon witnesses to prove it is one.

Just why coquetry should be regarded as distinctly feminine I cannot say. Laura has been severely criticised by certain puritan parties with cold pedals for luring Petrarch on in his hopeless passion. Yet he knew her condition of life, and being a man of sense in most ways he must have known that had she allowed his passion to follow its unobstructed course it would have wrecked the lives of both. He was a priest and was forbidden to marry; and while he could carry on an intrigue with a woman of inferior station and society would wink in innocency, with a woman of quality, it was different—his very life might have paid the penalty, and she would have been hoisted high by the social petard.

Petrarch was no fool—he probably had enough confidence in Laura so that he knew she would play the

part. I know a successful business man in St. Louis, an owner of monopolies, on the profits of which he plays at being a socialist. This man knows that if he could succeed in bringing about the things he advocates it would work his ruin ☞ He elocutes to the gallery of his cosmic self, for the ego is a multi-masked rascal and plays I-Spy, and leap-frog with himself the livelong day.

Had the love of Petrarch and Laura ever gone to the point of executive session, he would straightway have ceased to write about it, and literature would have been the loser.

It is not likely that either Petrarch or Laura reasoned things out thus far—we are all puppets upon the chess-board of Time, moved by the gods of Fate, and the fact that we know it proved for William Ellery Channing the soul of man. I am both the spectator and the play ☞ ☞



LAURA died of "the plague" in her fortieth year. Seven months after her death her husband paid her memory the compliment of taking a second wife, thus leaving us to assume that the first venture was a happy one, otherwise he would not have been in such haste to repeat it.

The second wife of Hugh de Sade never stirred the

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

pool of ink from which Petrarch fished his murex up. He refers to this second wife once by indirection, thus: "The children of Laura are no longer motherless."

¶ On the death of Laura the poet was overwhelmed with grief. But this paroxysm of pain soon gave way to a calm reflection, and he realized that she was still his as much as she ever was. Her death, too, stopped all flavor of scandal that was in the bond, and thus Petrarch stood better in the eyes of the world and in his own eyes than he did when gossip was imminent.

¶ Petrarch expected to be immortalized by his epic poem "Africa," but it is not read today, even by scholars, except in fragments to see how deep the barren sands of his thought are.

The sonnets which he calls "fragments written in the vulgar tongue," the Italian, are verses which have made him live. They are human documents inspired by the living throbbing heart and are vital in their feeling and expression. His "best" poems are fifteen times as voluminous as his love poems; they were written in Latin and polished and corrected until the life was sand-papered out of them.

His love for Laura was an idyllic thing as artificial as a monk's life, and no more virtuous. It belongs to a romantic age where excess was atoned for by asceticism; and spasms of vice galled the kibe of negative virtue ☞ ☞

This love for Laura was largely a lust for the muse.

¶ Fame was the god of Petrarch, and to this god he was forever faithful. He toiled unremittingly, slavishly,

painfully, cruelly for fame—and he was rewarded, so far as fame can reward.

At Rome, on Easter Sunday in April 1341, with great ceremony, Petrarch was crowned with the laurel wreath, reviving the ancient custom of thus honoring poets. Petrarch had been working hard to have this distinction shown him at Paris as well as at Rome, and the favorable response to his request at both places arrived on the same day. His heart longed for Rome. All his life he worked both wisely, and otherwise, for the Holy See to be removed to that city of his dreams. Paris was second choice.

Petrarch had been cramming for exams for many months and when he set out on his journey in February his heart beat high. He stopped at Naples to be examined by the aged King Robert as to his merit for the honor of the laurel, and “for three days I shook all my ignorance,” is Petrarch’s reference to the way he answered the questions asked him by the scholars of his time.

The King wanted to go on to Rome to the coronation but he was too feeble in strength to do this, so he placed his own royal robe upon the young man and sent him to the ancient city of learning, where a three days’ proceeding marked an epoch in the history of learning from which the Renaissance began. Petrarch closed the pre-Raphaelite period in letters.

While there is much in Petrarch’s character that is vain and self-conscious, it must not be forgotten that there was also much that was true, tender, noble and

LITTLE JOURNEYS

excellent. ¶ Petrarch was the founder of Humanism. He is the first man of modern times to make us realize that Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Quintilian and Seneca were real and actual men—men like ourselves. Before his time the entire classic world stood to us in the same light that the Bible characters did to most so-called educated people, say in 1885. Even yet there are people who stoutly maintain that Jesus was something different from a man, and that the relationship of God to Moses, Isaiah, Abraham, Elijah and Paul was totally different from God's attitude towards us.

Before Petrarch's time the entire mental fabric of Greece and Rome for us was steeped in myth, fable and superstition. Petrarch raised the status of man, and over and over again proclaimed the divinity of all humanity ☉ He realized his own worth, and made countless other men realize theirs. He wrote familiar letters to Homer, Sallust, Plato, Socrates and Seneca, addressing them as equals, and issued their replies. He showed the world that time is only an illusion and that the men of Greece derived their life from the same source from whence ours is derived, and that in all respects they were men with like tastes, passions, aspirations and ambitions as ourselves.

He believed in the free, happy, spontaneous life of the individual; and again and again he affirms that the life of expression—the life of activity—is the only life. Our happiest moments are when we forget self in useful effort. He held that every man should sing, speak, paint or carve—this that he might taste the joys of

self-expression. Constantly he affirms that this expression of our highest and best is Paradise ☪ He combats the idea of Dante that heaven and hell are places or localities.

Yet Petrarch was profoundly influenced by Dante. He used the same metaphors, symbols and figures. As a word-artist possibly he was not the equal of Dante, but as a man, an educated man, sane and useful, he far surpasses Dante. He met princes, popes and kings as equals. He was at home in every phase of society; his creations were greater than his poems; and as a diplomat, wise, discreet, sincere, loyal to his own, he was almost the equal of our own Dr. Franklin.

And always and forever he clung to his love for Laura. From his twenty-third year to his seventieth, he dedicated and wrote poems to Laura ☪ He sings her wit, her beauty, her grace, her subtile insight, her spiritual worth. The book compiled after his death entitled "Poems on the Life and Death of Laura" forms a mine of love and allusion that served poets and lovers in good stead for three hundred years, and which has now been melted down and passed into the current coin of every tongue. It was his love-nature that made Petrarch sing, and it was his love poems that make his name immortal. He expressed for us the undying, eternal dream of a love where the man and woman shall live together as one in their hopes, thoughts, deeds and desires; where they shall work for each other; live for each other; and through this blending of spirit, we will be able to forget the sordid

LITTLE JOURNEYS

present, the squalid here, the rankling now. By love's alchemy we will gild each hour and day, so it will be a time of joyous hope, and life will be a continual feast-day. And so through the desire and effort to express we will reach the highest good, or paradise.

Petrarch did not live this ideal life of love and service—he only dreamed it. But his dream is a prophecy—all desire is a promise. We double our joys by sharing them, and the life for the Other Self seems a psychological need. Man is only in process of creation. We have not traveled far; we are only just learning to walk, and so we sometimes stumble and fall. But mankind is moving toward the light, and such is our faith now in the Divine Intelligence, that we do not believe that in our hearts were planted aspirations and desires that are to work our undoing. The same God who created Paradise devised the snake, and if the snake had something to do with driving the man and woman out of the Garden into a world of work, it was well. Difficulty, trial, hardship, obstacle are all necessary factors in the evolution of souls.

A man alone is only half a man—he pines for his mate. When he reaches a certain degree of mentality he craves partnership. He wants to tell it to Her! When she reads she wants to read to Him. And when a man and woman reach an altitude where they spiritualize their love they are in no danger of wearing it out.



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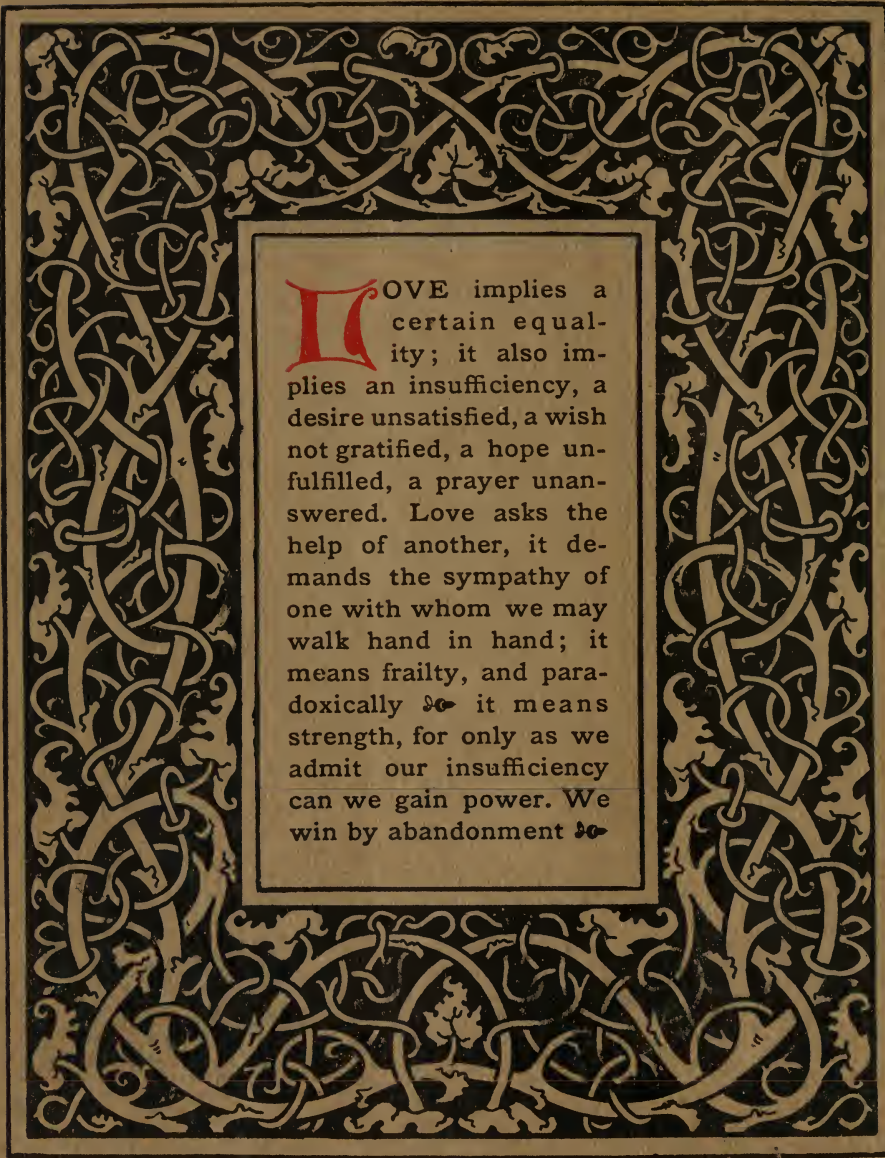
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